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COVER PHOTOGRAPH by Leo Mason



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No one in their right mind would fire a shot-gun at a car. Particularly not a brand new BMW.

BMW hoped to prove that, although the pel-

BMW's paint, what chance do loose chippings

The result was exactly as forecast. Even after

Further evidence that rust stands little chance of gaining a foothold on a BMW.

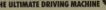
ing to subject their paintwork to tests that would

Like an anti corrosion test that leaves panels of BMW paintwork in a concentrated salt bath for 20 days. That's twice as long as some other manushot is repeatedly fired from 3 metres at BMW paintwork. (Now you know where BMW got the

But what might surprise you is that the car in

Prices for the BMW 316 start at £8,665. Paint that can stop a shotgun blast comes

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE





SALLY RICHARDSON BEST OF THE BUNCH

Sir Michael picks Samson and Delilah

17—special because they are Sir Michael than 55 added to the Gallery during his directorship. When asked by The Illusite "desert island" choice from among these, Sir Michael picked Samson and Delilab by Rubens, above, bought at Although, as he emphasizes, each painting is unique, he considers the Rubens outstanding. Its acquisition added a new dimension to the Gallery's representation of one of the greatest of all painters.

at the National Gallery on December | colour and sensitive design, in a thrilling composition on a large scale." The paint-Levey's personal selection from more ing shows Samson incapacitated by the equally full-bodied Delilah while her Philistine allies cut off his long locks of hairtrated London News to select his favour- the secret of his strength which he con- £50 million. fided to his lover. Helmeted Philistines watch from a doorway on the right.

The exhibition, "Director's Choice: ing tribute to Sir Michael who retires at 59 after more than 30 years at the Gallery. He was appointed Director in 1973, since when the Gallery has greatly expanded. The Education Department was founded Sir Michael says, "This very early work in 1974; the Northern Extension opened National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq. WC2.

Thirty-four special paintings go on show | by Rubens reveals all his qualities of bold | in 1975 and the Sunley Room for temporary exhibitions in 1984. In 1985 Sir John Sainsbury, Timothy Sainsbury and Simon Sainsbury offered sponsorship for extension on the Hampton site and John Paul Getty KBE made a gift to the Gallery of

Sir Michael, who is married to the writer and critic Brigid Brophy, has published many books on art as well as a life Christie's in 1980 for £2.5 million. Selected Acquisitions 1973-86", is a part- of Mozart and two novels. He hands over directorship early next year to Neil Mac-Gregor (40), editor of The Burlington

Director's Choice: Selected Acquisitions 1973-86. December 17-January 15,

MICHAEL PYE

The animal collection with a Sumatran connexion

The halls of John Aspinall's London | in bronze, tigers mating and tigers in sungaming club are full of emu, carp, tigers, elephants and boars. They are the bronzed or painted (or even ormolu) expression of his lifelong passion for wild animals, and for the larger mammals in

But high stakes can frighten off animal lovers as effectively as the dangers of the bush; it is safer to see the Aspinall animals at the Guildhall Library (this month). From his Kent zoo parks at Howletts and Port Lympne, as well as from his homes and the casino, comes a menagerie of the curious, the lovely and the ineffably Victorian. There is a Landseer lioness dwarfed by a life-size gorilla and daughter light, a Dresden crocodile, assorted toads and lizards, a monkey being stung by a wasp. The periods range from 16th century to Art Deco, and the scale from life-size to miniature. Aspinall hopes visitors will be moved to

contribute generously to the future of an endangered species: the small, doublehorned Sumatran rhino, of which a mere traders who can sell their horn as an aid to flagging Eastern virilities.

Jakarta—is guaranteed, Aspinall hopes to tion like a conscience. save the Javan rhino, of which the last 50 | The Aspinall Collection, December 10lead a shy and perilous life, and the kou-

600 survive in remote bush, hiding from | prey-wild cattle living in Vietnam. His most persuasive argument may be the life-size bronze of a woolly Sumatran Once their survival-in Kent and in rhino which guards the exit of the exhibi-

19. Guildhall Library, EC2.



J. C. TREWIN

butchers will flock to

Earls Court for the

175th Royal Smithfield Show. One attraction

this year is the

Pig Person of the Year

award on December 2

(formerly Pigman of

the Year) with one

Pigwoman among the

finalists.

KING **HOPKINS**

There was a period, during the first 20 years of this century, when a London King Lear was exceedingly rare. Not so now; but the part remains a high adventure, an Everest in the Shakespearian sky. The latest major player physically and intellectually prepared for the challenge is Anthony Hopkins, aged 48, of the National Theatre who opens in the role at the Olivier on December 11. He has the vital qualities of command, stamina and strong verse-speaking: the challenge is to convey the ultimate pathos of the splenetic despot whose early unimaginative arrogance is his disaster.

Twenty-five years ago Anthony Hopkins, Welsh-born, was a RADA student from whom much was expected. Later he offered a formidable range at the National Theatre in the Old Vic. moving from Feydeau farce to succeeding Olivier in 1967 as Edgar in Strindberg's The Dance of Death, and acting, of all things, Audrey in an all-male As You Like It. He National Theatre, SE1 (928 2252, cc)

went on to play Coriolanus and Macbeth; but he spent a long interregnum in the United States before returning to Britain two years ago. He found then, as one of his earliest parts, the ruthless South African newspaper impresario in the Hare-Brenton Pravda, a performance of almost terrifying concentrated drive.

Besides Lear, which David Hare directs, Hopkins can also look forward to playing Mark Antony in the spring, with Judi Dench as Cleopatra. But Lear comes first (not in modern dress): here he follows such players as Gielgud, Olivier, Redgrave, Wolfit, Laughton, and Scofield. King Lear opens December 11, Olivier,

wo cash and carry fashion fairs at Kensington Town Hall on December 4-6 and 19-20, entrance 70p, provide an opportunity to purchase designer clothes from Jelly Designs, Network and Jeffrey Rogers,

among others,

at wholesale prices.

SIMON BARNES

GAME FOR A CHANGE

Desmond Douglas fights to retain his title

Table Tennis does not see itself as others see it: as a dowdy and slightly silly sport. Those who go to the Stiga Middlesex 3-Star Open championships this month will see a game that has gone to great lengths to look dashing, debonair and full of thrills.

The tables have turned blue, the balls have turned orange, and as for the players' clothes, they have undergone a revolution. Restrictions on colour and design have been lifted and today's stars strut to the tables in pink or yellow or even—now the ball is orange—in white. The sport is full of visual appeal—at least, that is what people in the sport keep saying. They keep hoping that television moguls will hear.

As for the top players, their natty new clothes give them a further means of making money. What with sponsorships and clothing and equipment contracts, and playing contracts for major tabletennis clubs in operations like the West German Bundesliga, a top professional is reputed to be able to earn around £20,000 a year.

The Middlesex championships will be dominated by the men's attempts to knock the mighty Desmond Douglas off his perch. The British number one had gone almost 10 years without defeat by any other British player until an impudent 19-year-old called Alan Cook took a match off him a few weeks ago.

Cook, with an all-action driving style, has improved dramatically since playing in the Swedish league, but is still incon-



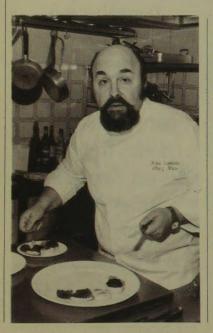
sistent. He has gone down to a 17-yearold since his victory over Douglas. Douglas, who likes to exploit the power of his opponents by turning it against them, is over 30 but is still as dashing a player as anyone—even a television mogul—could wish for. Table tennis marches into the future with hope in its heart.

Stiga Middlesex 3-Star Open Table Tennis Championships, December 13, 14, Pickett's Lock, Edmonton, N9 (803 4756).

he American soprano June Anderson makes her British stage début at the Royal Opera House on December 23 as the tragic heroine of Donizetti's Lucia di Lammermoor. Heard earlier this year in Rossini's Semiramide. she revealed an impressive coloratura technique and a striking stage presence reminiscent of Joan Sutherland, in whose operatic footsteps she is following. She is partnered at Covent Garden by that most elegant and stylish of tenors Alfredo Kraus.

SIMPLY NICO

A chef comes in from the cold



Nico Ladenis, the Michelin three-star chef who refuses to accept that the customer is always right, is returning to London after admitting to a mistake of his own in opening a restaurant in the country last year. "My dogs were happy," he says. "I wasn't."

His new restaurant, Simply Nico, is in Rochester Row, seats 36, has his wife Dinah-Jane in charge front of house and will be open from the start of the month serving French cuisine. The décor will include "plenty of mirrors".

The promised hallmark is simplicity but, to Nico, this means dishes such as foie gras with apple on brioche. Other innovations will include lamb garnished with roasted vegetables and some Californian and Australian wines.

Nico, now 52, is rare among top chefs in being self-taught. He began to practise on the residents of Dulwich in 1973. He sold this first Chez Nico (now a Chinese restaurant) to open, in 1980, Chez Nico in Battersea (see review, p70). Last year

came the move to an 18th-century manor house in Shinfield, Berkshire, also called Chez Nico. "It had more space, a bigger kitchen, more luxury. I needed it to qualify for the third Michelin star," he says.

He won the extra star but was disappointed in his clientele—"too narrow, too conservative. I didn't find the right people to perform to and they were not interested in my act."

His outbursts are legendary. "It depends on my mood," he says. "But if a customer insists on three or four gin and tonics, he shouldn't eat at my restaurant. I may suggest he has the drinks on the house and be happier to eat somewhere else".

Those dining at Simply Nico will find an à la carte with fixed prices for two or three courses, a short lunch menu of three courses for £17 and a two-course, after-theatre menu at £19, prices inclusive of VAT and service.

Simply Nico, 48a Rochester Row, SW1 (630 8061), open Monday-Friday.



Alice in Wonderland is flavour of the month in the salerooms. On December 5, Sotheby's will auction an 1865 first edition of Lewis Carroll's famous tale, with drawings by John Tenniel. They expect £8,000-£12,000. Two days earlier Christie's offer an album of nine drawings which experts say is the work of Carroll (Charles Dodgson) himself. The Duchess, above, is from the album which was given to Alice Liddell by Dodgson after the publication of *Alice in Wonderland*, annotated by Dodgson, it should fetch £150,000.

Some find it surprising that malt whisky is made within sight of the Aurora Borealis but Orkney people have every sympathy for those who have yet to see the light.

The Aurora Borealis was thought by the ancients to be a divine portent of coming calamities.

By southern ancients, that is.

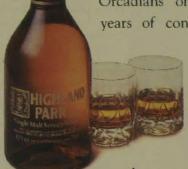
In the distant Islands of Orkney, however, where these spectacular curtains of light are a regular occurrence, their reappearance each autumn and spring was greeted with equanimity.

A typically balanced response.

For the Orkney character is irredeemably practical, a trait born of enduring survival on a group of remote and windswept islands whose rigours would defeat the less resilient.

Throughout the islands there are Neolithic houses and groups of

stark standing stones,
a heritage reminding
Orcadians of 5,000
years of continuous



settlement. Closest of all are their ties with their Viking forebears, who held sway in the islands for over 700 years.

To this day, the names of most

Further north than any whisky distillery in the world, Highland Park produces a whisky with the deceptively simple ingredients of malted barley, local spring water and Orkney peat.

The simplicity is more apparent than real, of course.

For the secret artistry which creates its distinctive character is still jealously protected.

The same methods have been used, on exactly the same spot, since the distillery was established in 1798.

So although Highland Park's location at Kirkwall may seem unlikely to some – in regular sight of the Aurora's



For a start, Orkney is as far north as Greenland or Alaska.

Which means that in winter the sun is glimpsed only briefly above the southern horizon. On the other hand, the summer days are almost unending, fading to a mere twilight.

It's even possible to read a newspaper or start a leisurely round of golf at midnight. Not that Orkney is merely the site of meteorological extremes.

places have a strange Scandinavian ring: Kirkwall, Stenness, Orphir and Eynhallow.

The result is that, for Orcadians, the distant past is a daily reality.

So much so that a mere 12 years seems the blink of an eye.

It is, however, the perfect age for Highland Park, the subtle single malt whisky which is the islands' most treasured export. celestial draperies – the 12 year old single malt whisky it produces cannot be ignored by any connoisseur of this most illuminating of spirits.

Once they've seen the light, very few do.



The single malt Scotch whisky from the Islands of Orkney.

WHICH CUTTY SARK IS THE REAL MCOY?

The correct answer becomes clearwhen you know who McCoy was. Captain William McCoy resided in Nassau during the Prohibition years.

And he was not entirely unknown to the local importer of whisky sent from Scotland by Berry Brothers & Rudd, the owners of Cutty Sark.

What happened to the whisky

after McCoy

ordered would seem to indicate that his customers were bathing in it. Predictably, Nassau was not the whisky's last stop.

Aside from whatever the Captain kept for purposes of



in clandestine fashion to his

American customers.

To them, his product was known as "the real McCoy" – guaranteed quality whisky,

distilled in Scotland and pleasing to the palate.

When Prohibition was lifted, Cutty Sark went



on to be the favourite Scotch whisky across the water.

Of course, the ship is also the genuine article, launched on the Clyde in 1869 and designed to take on the fastest of the tea-clippers.

Then again, a Robert Burns scholar would point to the "short shirt"—being the original meaning

of the words Cutty Sark, as expounded by the Scots bard in his epic "Tam o' Shanter."

But when you're thirsting after the real McCoy, there's only

one Cutty Sark.

CUTTY SARK THE REAL MCOY.

purchased it from our agent was no business of anyone at Head Office. Even though the amounts

ADA PAYNE TAR PAWS

Olympia's feline beauty show

Cats exert a peculiar dominance over their owners and none more so than the 2,000 feline stars that grace Olympia on December 6. These are the aristocats of the six million moggies that deign to live in British homes.

The National Cat Club Championship Show, now in its 90th year, is the largest gathering of cats and hopelessly cataddicted people in the world. Here you can see the feline beauty queens (the correct term for females)—long-haired silver Chinchillas with startlingly blue eyes, slinky oriental Afghans, and the curly-coated Cornish Rex.

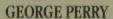
Not for them the ordinary life of the household moggie. For weeks they are pampered with vitamin drops to get a sheen on their coat, brushed daily, and given teeth inspections and paw manicures. White long-haired cats are usually bathed beforehand, then have talcum powder brushed into their coats.

Some of the aristocats have pedigrees reaching back to Victorian days. Some Siamese, for instance, can trace their ancestry back to Susan, a Siamese of the 1880s. She, too, lived in great style-her owner used to send her gamekeeper out to catch fresh mice for Susan, if she thought she looked off-colour!

The mongrel moggie, or "non ped" as it is known in cat-show slang, is not forgotten. Highlight of the day will be the nine Blue Peter classes for ordinary pets owned by children. The winners appear on television and compete for the Supreme Blue Peter Champion title. Willow, the programme's new Siamese Variant, will be on the Blue Peter stand giving her opinion of the contestants.

We sometimes get winners who were once stray cats or cats who were rescued when they were half dead," says Biddy Baxter, editor of the popular children's television programme. "It's nice for the children to know that cats don't bave to have a smart pedigree.

National Cat Club Show. December 6. Olympia, W14.



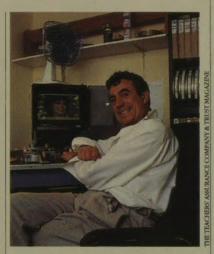
DOUBL **TROUBLE**

Terry Jones, member of the Monty Python team and director of their films, is currently involved in two completely different kinds of movie, each with a

Labyrinth, for which Jones wrote the screenplay, will be seen by the Prince and Princess of Wales at a Royal Charity première on December 1. Spectacular as the film is, it was not well received in America. The casting of 14-year-old Jennifer Connelly, a beautiful but modestly talented schoolgirl, has not assisted box-office chances.

Jim Henson's lavish fantasy has George Lucas special effects, a horde of grotesque creatures from the imaginations of Brian Froud and Maurice Sendak, and David Bowie, who not only plays a goblin king but contributes five new songs to the score. But Jones feels that much of his story's original impact was dissipated as the film progressed.

A further disappointment is that Personal Services, a new comedy directed by Jones about keeping a

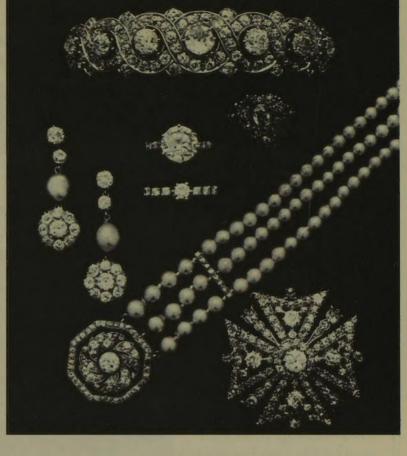


brothel, has run into legal trouble. It should have been in the London Film Festival in November, but defence lawyers for Cynthia Payne, the celebrated "luncheon voucher madam" who goes on trial again in January, and who advised on the film, insisted on its withdrawal, even though the programmes had already been printed.

We went to great lengths to show that it wasn't about Cynthia, that it was fiction," says Jones, "but they still thought that it could prejudice her case." Early reports indicate that Julie Walters is wildly funny in the film. We must now wait until after Mrs Payne's trial for a firm release date.

Labyrinth opens December 2 cinema listings p 78).

In our reference to the National Portrait Gallery exhibition of portraits of the Queen in the ILNNovember highlights the published portrait was painted by David Poole, not by Michael Leonard. We apologize to both artists for this error. The Michael Leonard portrait in the exhibition, which will continue until March, and which was illustrated in the ILN Royal Year issue published in June, was commissioned last year by the Reader's Digest to celebrate the Queen's 60th birthday.



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"Thank you very much for the cheque which I received last weekend. It was such a surprise quite a bit more than I had expected. I have one or two other things that I may want to dispose of and will bring them to you when I decide.'

When you wish to sell your jewellery, Richard Ogden will give you highest possible prices for an immediate sale. Alternatively he will display it for you, insured free, at retail prices in his windows, the only charge being a fee payable when it is sold.



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On request: Wedding Ring Leaflet free. Complete Ring Brochure £1 – refundable with purchase.

For the Highlander, distilling whisky

was as natural as breathing air. Generation after turning the water of the water of life. Was distilled w Whisky wasn't just his traditional

national drink. It was his bread and butter. Distilling was virtually much conditions.

butter only way he could turn his victuals into cash to pay tente.

When the only way he could turn his victuals into cash to pay tente.

victuals into cash to pay rents. reward his workers and to feed and shelter his family.

But by the middle of the eighteenth century, the government made this well nigh impossible.

Thirsting for revenue, it imposed prohibitive taxes on whisky making. While some Highlanders were brought to their knees and paid up, many others took their stills and skills, and fled to the remote mountain areas to produce their beloved whisky illicitly.

The Highlanders see red.

Almost immediately. excisemen, or gaugers, were despatched North, to stamp out the practice and apprehend the offenders.

This angered the Highlanders. To them it was the government and its red-coated lackers who were the criminals, taking the very bread from their mouths.

Robert Burns (who. ironically, became an exciseman later) expressed

the nation's sentiments in venomous verse: "Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, Wha make the whisky stells their prize! Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice! There, seize the blinkers!

An' bake them up in brunstane pies for poor damn'd drinkers."

Such was the Highlanders

contempt for the law that it was not even considered a disgrace to be imprisoned for illicit distilling.

Indeed, in Dingwall Gaol convicted distillers were treated with privilege, being allowed out on Sundays and special occasions.

One prisoner even approached the

governor, with the remarkable proposition that they set up a still together in the gaol.

Such widespread defiance made curbing the outlaw whisky makers a hopeless task:

As one illicit still was closed down. another began.

And in 1747, one particular still began, which was to become the most famous distillery of them all. THE GLENLIVET Distillery.

The Name Dropper.

The founder of THE GLENLIVET Distillery was one John Gow, alias Smith.

He was a veteran of Culloden. having fought and lost on the side of the ill-fated Bonnie Prince Charlie, and was forced to flee his old haunts near Braemar for fear of his life.

He took his family North, hid in a remote valley and dropped his gaelic name Gow in favour of Smith, to baffle the English soldiers.



Sassenach name appears on our label.) There he settled down for a quiet, anonymous life of farming and, of course, illicit distilling.

The Well of Fortune.

As luck would have it, John Smith had made his new home in the precise spot where the water and the peat were the best in Scotland for making malt whisky.

He had discovered Josie's Well. It is the pure Highland water that springs from Josie's Well that makes THE GLENLIVET malt whisky so special.

We can't explain it. It just does. And there is no other well that performs the same magic. THE GLENLIVET made with any other water would not be

By the time John Smith's

grandson George, inherited the still in 1817. the fame of the illicit GLENLIVET had spread far and wide.

"It is worth all the wines of France" opined the Doctor in Sir Walter Scott's St. Ronan's Well. "and more cordial besides."

Praise indeed for THE GLENLIVET'S "cunning chemists," as Scott called George Smith and his workers.

Christopher North. who in 1827, wrote a famous series of sketches in Blackwood's Magazine, quoted James Hogg, the

Ettrick Shepherd: "Gie me the real Glenlivet, and I weel believe I could mak' drinking toddy oot o'sea-water. The human mind never tires o'Glenlivet, any mair than o'caller air. If a body could just find oot the exac' proportion and



Scotland's first malt whisky.

verily trow that he might leeve for ever, without dying at a', and that doctors and kirkvards would go oot o'fashion."

Going straight.

Such a celebrated whisky couldn't remain illegal for long.

(Although outlawed, THE GLENLIVET was the toast of gentlemen, lords and even kings. George IV of England was said to drink "nothing else.")

It was the Duke of Richmond and Gordon (George Smith's landlord) who eventually put THE GLENLIVET on the strait and narrow.

He persuaded Parliament to pass the Act of 1823 which made legal distilling worthwhile.

The following year George Smith took out the very first licence under the Act. Making THE GLENLIVET a legal malt whisky. People had been enjoying it secretly for 77 years. Now it existed.

Officially. The rest is history.

unique subtle taste and distinctive 'nose' has been appreciated ever since. Try a dram and experience its magical properties yourself. These days, you

what you're drinking.

can't go to gaol for

EDWARD THORPE

CHRISTMAS CRACKER

A Peter Schaufuss production with designs by David Walker



Peter Schaufuss, brilliant virtuoso and director of London Festival Ballet since September, 1984, has raised both the standards of the company and a few hackles in doing so. Now he has put himself on the line by producing a new version of *The Nutcracker*, which opens in London on Boxing Day at the Royal Festival Hall.

The storyline—involving a children's party, a magic Christmas tree, a strange magician, mechanical dolls, toys that come to life and a dream-journey to the Land of Sweets—is ideal Christmas entertainment. The trouble is that E.T.A. Hoffmann's story presents problems to

any producer who tackles the ballet: the first act is all narrative, the second nothing but a succession of dances. If it were not for Tchaikovsky's wonderful score (there is much more to it than that over-familiar suite) it would have disappeared long ago.

Schaufuss says his production will be, in many respects, a traditional one but with "one or two surprises". For tradition he has gone back to the original choreography by Marius Petipa. Dame Alicia Markova is teaching the various casts the choreography she learnt from Russian balletmaster Nicholas Sergueyev in the 1934 Vic-Wells version—the first

full-length production seen in the West. The design for Schaufuss's *Nutcracker* is by David Walker and the chosen period is the late 19th century, the height of Tchaikovsky's own era.

In the past decade or so we have endured a number of *Nutcrackers* that owed more to Freud than Hoffmann; a return to Christmas magic will be welcomed by children and professional

The Nutcracker. December 10, première at Theatre Royal, Plymouth. December 26-January 17, Royal Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

PETER CLAYTON

OLD HAT

"Christmas is coming. The goose is getting fat, George is at Ronnie's In a big black hat."

As pagan as mistletoe, as full of bonhomie as Santa Claus himself, and now as traditional as either, George Melly is approaching his 12th season (December 8-January 3) as the Ronnie Scott Club's most important Christmas decoration.

The unlikely association of this traditional jazz singer/raconteur/ author/ art critic with Ronnie Scott's once aloofly modern jazz establishment in Soho actually began 14 years ago. George, returning to public raving (he had once been the Mick Mulligan band's somewhat outrageous singer) after a decade of

successful journalism, made a comeback album. The record company booked Scott's for the session.

The club had been going through a dull patch financially, and the management was impressed by the party atmosphere Melly generated, and especially by the bar takings, which went up in geometric progression as the evening wore on. After that, the club booked George Melly with John Chilton's Feetwarmers (still with him) for odd weeks on their own account. It was finally realized that a Melly Christmas would be a bad pun but good business, and the engagement moved to December on a regular basis.

It marked a healthy relaxation of the club's modern-only policy, and was good for George and the Feetwarmers. "It made us professionals," George recalls. "Someone asked me, 'Do you want to be a parttime entertainer who falls down a lot [aretime to both the drinking and his Frankie and Johnny act] or a professional jazz singer?' I decided on the singing."



OUENTIN VOLE

YULE GUIDE

It is already too late to stop Christmas. The lights are lit on Oxford Street, Regent Street and even dowager Bond Street. The same carols echo from every hall (best prospect: agreeable Mozart from the choir of King's College, Cambridge at the Barbican, December 22). By December 11, the huge Norwegian Christmas tree will be hefted to Trafalgar Square and draped in white light. Every night, there will be yet more carol singing around the tree.

Potential survivors will be planning now to dilute the goodwill. The "Unique Evening of Music and Words" (Queen Elizabeth Hall, December 14) will help. It is the first Christmas show to be based on a cemetery—Paris's Père Lachaise graveyard, where such illustrious dead as Chopin and Balzac are buried.

You could post cards too late, to keep friends guessing (after December 17 for second class, December 19 for first). You could flee London for bleak Welsh valleys and meet Santa Claus on a narrow-gauge railway in the wet (December 20, 21 on the Ffestiniog Line).

Most likely you will compromise, because it's the children's festival. Practical children can learn to make their own sweets and treats: £5 a session or £9 for the day at Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Road, NW3 on December 13 (435 2643). At the Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Road, E2, (980 2415) there is an exhibition of Christmas revels until January 18.

You can buy quiet cheaply by taking the hedonists to Victorian pantomime at the V&A (December 21, 3pm; 589 6371), or to hear a Caribbean steel band Christmas at the Commonwealth Institute (December 10, 10.45am). A gala of music and dance at Sadler's Wells includes a revival of the ballet *Peter and the Wolf* (December 14, 6.30pm. Top tickets £50 to help one-parent families and a children's hospice).

Grown-ups and children alike could share what opera houses regard as Christmassy—Mozart (*Die Zauberflöte* at Covent Garden, December 5, 9, 12, 15), and Strauss (*Die Fledermaus* at the Coliseum, December 8, 11, 18, 27, 31). For adults there is lovely music in lovely churches—the six Cantatas from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, plus Motets and Brandenburgs, starting at St Sepulchre without Newgate on Holborn Viaduct (December 15) and ending at Southwark Cathedral (January 16). For details telephone 480 5183.

If the tireless children are still unsatisfied on Christmas night, let Prince Charles take over. He tells his own bedtime story, *The Old Man of Lochnagar*, at 11.45pm (BBC World Service) and, the BBC promises, he "amusingly creates in his own voice the sound effects". What more could a fond parent want?

Full December arts and entertainment listings on pp 76-82.



DEUSC

$N \cdot O \cdot T \cdot E \cdot B \cdot O \cdot O \cdot K$

Threat to the art market

London's position at the centre of the world's art market is under attack by the bureaucrats of Brussels, and it seems that only firm action by the British Government will save it. The threat comes from the attempt to harmonize Value Added Tax throughout the EEC, which would require the imposition of 15 per cent tax on the import of all works of art, antiques and collectors' items. Though the tax would be returned if the goods were re-exported, it is unlikely that many owners of valuable works of art would be ready in effect to lend money to the British Treasury in this way. The sale of Constable's Flatford Lock and Mill, for example, which was sent to Christie's from the United States, would certainly not have taken place in London if the owner had been asked to pay £150,000 or more on its arrival in this country, nor would the sale at Sotheby's of Rembrandt's portrait of a young woman.

The free entry of such works of art since the last war has been one of the prime causes of Britain's dominance in the art market. Accurate statistics are hard to come by, but Paul Whitfield of Christie's has recently estimated that the total value of the British art market is between £800 million and £900 million a year. Of this sum fine art auction sales contribute about half, and the major auction houses in London estimate that about 30 per cent of their consignments come from abroad. The level of purchases abroad by dealers is probably about the same. The business is therefore a significant one, and to it must be added the value of commissions, insurance, restoration work, packing and shipping, and the earnings from visitors staying in hotels, eating in restaurants, buying in shops and generally enjoying themselves when they come to London to attend sales.

The Brussels bureaucrats are also seeking to change the current system by which VAT is paid on the difference between the buying price and the selling price. They now pro-



pose that VAT should be charged on the full sale price whenever a work of art comes on the market. As such objects often pass through many hands the result could be that the tax paid ultimately exceeds the value of the object.

The British Government has been alerted to these latest examples of Brussels battiness, but there should be no conflict within the EEC over this, for it is the cultural and commercial health of the Community as a whole that will suffer if the trade in art is forced elsewhere.

Custom built for summits

The London summit of EEC heads of government on December 5 and 6 will be the supreme test not just of Britain's six months in the presi-

dency of the European Community but of the new Queen Elizabeth II Conference Centre. "The main reason it was built was to play host to this conference," says its business manager, Chris Edwards of the Property Services Agency. "The summit is our ratson d'être."

The large yet tactful building opposite Westminster Abbey was designed by Powell, Moya & Partners and was built at a cost of £50 million, a further £5.4 million being spent on fixtures and fittings. Security was a paramount consideration: a moat surrounds it, and the upper, most secure levels are set back. Airportstyle metal detectors are deployed at the entrance.

Since the centre was opened by the Queen in late June, it has been 60 to 70 per cent occupied. To hire the four floors available for conferences—the top two are reserved for Government use—costs £11,000 a day, but the Chaucer Room can be

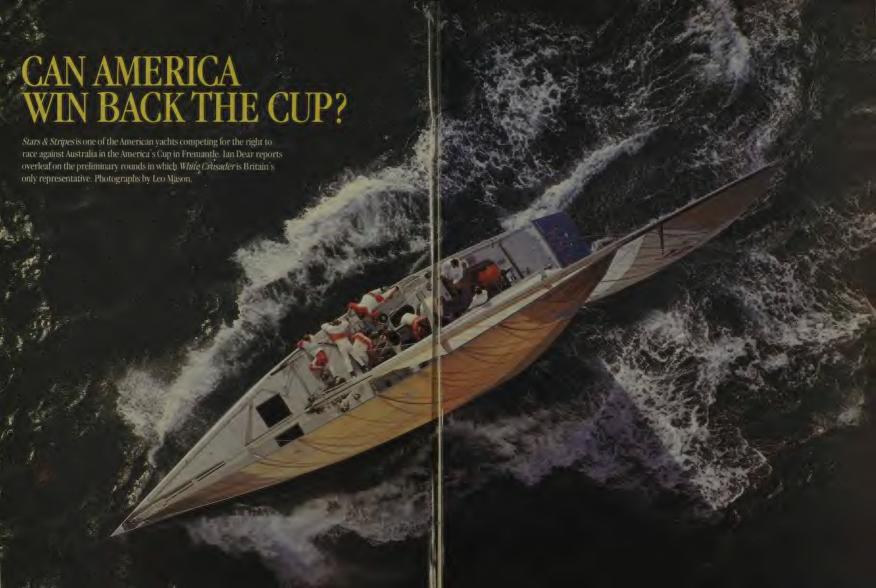
yours for £150. The biggest tests have been a Eureka conference on high technology co-operation; acting as press centre for the royal wedding; an International Vascular Symposium; and the 32nd Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference.

No gremlins have emerged: lavatories, telephones and interpreting facilities (which can handle 12 languages simultaneously) have all proved more than adequate, and the 1,000-odd journalists covering the summit are likely to be impressed by the comfort and facilities of the three floors at their disposal. If Edwards has any regrets, they are that the restaurant seats only 250, so extra revenue-earning space has sometimes to be used for eating; and, purely in commercial terms, that a large purpose-built exhibition area is not included.

Knocking down a bit of London

In the New Architecture exhibition currently at the Royal Academy each of the three architects whose work is on show-Norman Foster, Richard Rogers and James Stirling-includes plans for reshaping parts of London. Most involve some initial destruction. In his proposal for the development of the embankment, for example, which was illustrated in the ILN October issue, Rogers wanted to knock down Hawkshaw's Hungerford Railway Bridge, which was completed in 1864 to replace Brunel's suspension bridge and carry trains and pedestrians between Charing Cross and Waterloo.

London could undoubtedly be improved by the identification and removal of a few key obstructions or unpleasing buildings, and there is no reason why this task should be left to architects and builders. Those who live or work in London, or visit it, will have their own views about what is good and bad, and the ILN would like to help make these known. Two years ago we published a series of the world's greatest buildings. Now we want to identify the most hated building in London. Readers are invited to let us know which London building or structure they would like to see removed. Please send your proposal on a postcard, or on the form printed on page 79 of this issue. We will publish the results early next year.





The Louis Vuitton Cup elimination series: a tight manoeuvre involving Eagle and Heart of America, above; White Crusader skippered by Harold Cudmore, below. Dennis Conner, who lost the America's Cup in 1983, is hoping for better fortune with Stars & Stripes, seen opposite racing against the fancied New Zealand. Both yachts were joint-leaders after the first round.

Never in its 136-year history has the America's Cup aroused such interest before the contest proper begins. Though there have nearly always been trials to pick the best defending yacht, trials between potential challengers were not held until the 1960s—and then only between those from the same country. However, after the 1967 series several countries challenged simultaneously, creating today's situation in which a dozen (originally 13) 12 metre yachts from the clubs of six countries are competing for the right to challenge Australia for the Cup.

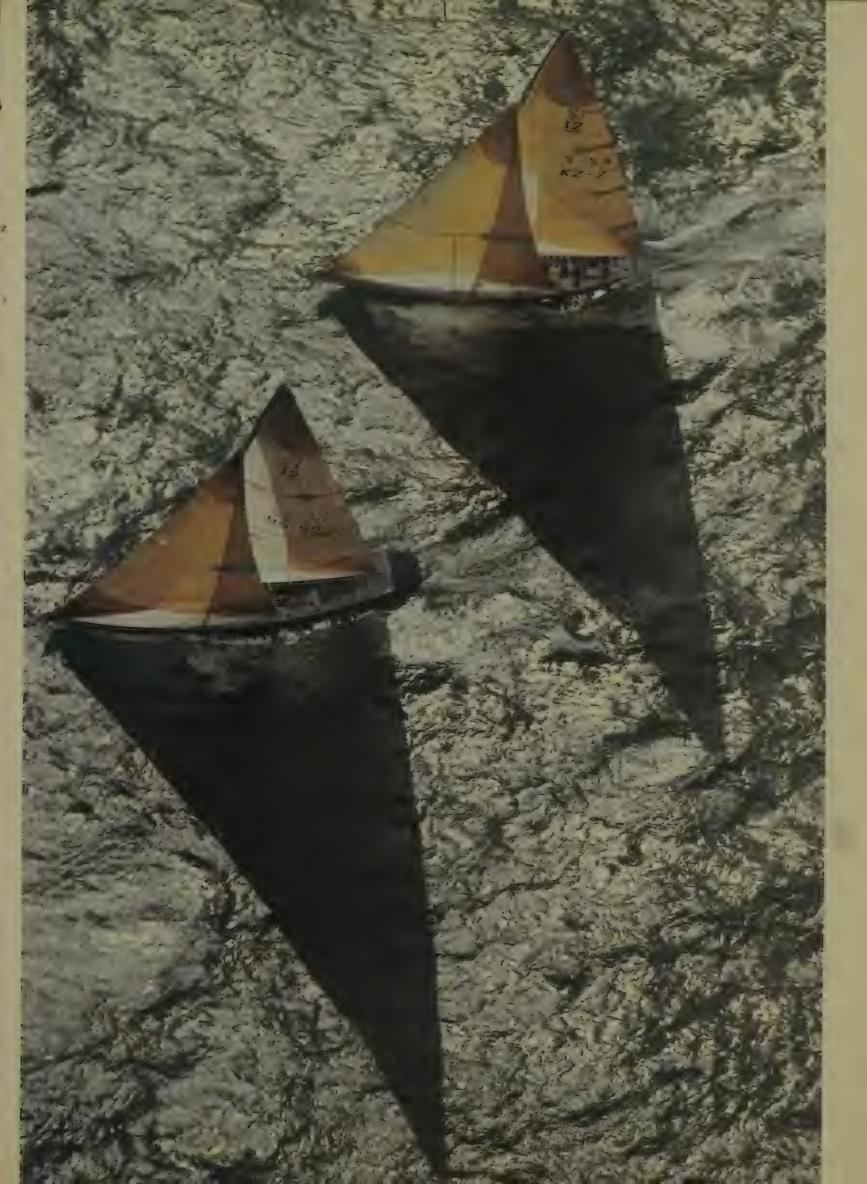
The first two series of races between the challengers have already taken place and a third starts on December 2. Each yacht meets the others once. A win in the first series scores one point and in the second five. In the third a win scores 12 points, so a late developer can overhaul the leaders of the earlier rounds. The top four then compete in the semi-finals of the Louis Vuitton Challenge Cup, with the winner of the finals taking on the chosen Australian boat for the America's Cup itself in a seven-race contest starting on January 31.



Meanwhile the Australians' own trials started in October and continue until January 25. From them will emerge the eventual defender of the Cup. Four syndicates are competing, the two main contenders being Alan Bond, who won the Cup in 1983, and a newcomer, Kevin Parry, whose *Kookaburra II and III* have proved to be as good as Bond's *Australia III* and *IV*.

The early races suggest that two of the American challengers, Dennis Conner, who lost the Cup in 1983 and is now challenging through San Diego Yacht Club, and John Kolius, who is out to win it back for the New York Yacht Club, are both serious contenders. A 25-year-old New Zealander, Chris Dickson, who has gained some notable victories in his glass-fibre yacht *New Zealand KZ-7*, is also in the top league.

·This trio must be favourites to take three of the semi-final places for the Louis Vuitton Challenge Cup starting on December 28. Those vying for the fourth place include another American, Tom Blackaller, in *USA*; *French Kiss*; *Italia*; and the British challenger *White Crusader*, sailed by the experienced Harold Cudmore.



My ANAVAL BONANZA

13,500 sailors in 42 battleships recently celebrated the Royal Australian Navy's 75th birthday in Sydney Harbour. Report by John Winton.

"Is that Dial-A-Sailor? Can we have two, please? One white and one black?"

Sadly that girl, like the widow from Wollongong who also wanted to book two sailors, one for her daughter and one for herself, was disappointed. There were 42 warships in Sydney Harbour, with 13,500 sailors of seven nationalities, but still not enough sailors to go round.

The fleet was in Sydney to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the Royal Australian Navy with a review before Admiral of the Fleet, HRH the Duke of Edinburgh. Other celebrations included a gigantic firework display on Sydney Bridge, a concert in Sydney Opera House by the Combined Bands of the RAN, an International Dance for 1,000 sailors and their girls at the Centrepoint Tower ballroom, a Combined Navies march (the first since the Second World War) through the streets of downtown Sydney, a Lord Mayor's reception at Sydney Town Hall and a flying display at Nowra air station.

Most ships were open to the public and Dial-A-Sailor was such an astonishing success that the Navy Information Centre at Woolloomooloo was swamped by thousands of calls in a few days.

The various nationalities celebrated in their own ways. The British flagship, the aircraft carrier HMS Illustrious, had gins and tonics in the hangar, and the Royal Marine Band to Beat the Retreat. The New Zealanders in the frigate HMNZS Canterbury dispensed beakers of whisky accompanied by Maori songs and bakas, while the French in their frigate FS Commandant Blaison served some very passable vin rouge and played Edith Piaf records.

But by far the biggest hit of the week was "Mighty Mo," the 58,000 ton battleship USS *Missouri*. She was billed, rightly, as a piece of floating history: on September 2, 1945, in Tokyo Bay, General Douglas MacArthur accepted the surrender of Japan at a ceremony on *Missouri's* port after gundeck. The deck is now actually known as the "Surrender Deck", and a commemorative plaque marks the exact spot.

At sea outside Sydney, *Missouri* fired a full broadside of her nine 16 inch guns for the benefit of the television cameras. From the moment Australians saw those huge billowing orange and black smoke clouds and

the giant ship herself shuddering with the blast, they took "Mighty Mo" to their hearts. An estimated quarter of a million people tried to visit her, most of them simultaneously, on the Sunday of her stay. Traffic at Garden Island Dockyard tailed back for miles. Scuffles broke out, there were some hot words and hard words, and 41 people were taken to hospital.

For the Australian media, many of whom appeared rabidly anti-American, "Mighty Mo" was a source of endless fascination. They circled her decks, looking for her weak points. "Wouldn't Exocet cause you some problems?" one cocky little ocker asked the commanding officer, Captain Al Carney USN, at his press conference. Missouri has obsidian-hard armour plate inches thick, but Al, a dry wit from Arkansas, looked concerned. "Yes," he said at last, "it would be a problem. It would take two of our sailors all of 20 minutes to clean off the mess."

For the seven British ships present—Illustrious, the brand-new

> "We're here to exercise with friendly navies all around the world."

Type 22 frigate HMS *Beaver*, the "stretched" Type 42 destroyer HMS *Manchester*, the Type 21 frigate HMS *Amazon*, and three supporting Royal Fleet Auxiliaries *Fort Grange*, *Olmeda* and *Bayleaf*—Sydney was a highlight of a 42,000 mile round-theworld trip, codenamed Global '86, begun at Portsmouth in April six months earlier.

Global '86 opened with a neardisaster, when *Illustrious* suffered a major main gear-box fire on her first night at sea. Indeed, it was lucky nobody was killed and that the accident did not happen somewhere in the Pacific. As it was, she had to return to Portsmouth for repairs costing £5 million, rejoining at Singapore in August.

In Illustrious's absence HMS

Beaver gallantly took on her job, although she had neither the space nor the facilities of a flagship. The Admiral moved into the Captain's cabin, and everybody else moved down one. As Beaver's sailors said, "Even the cat had to shift out of her basket, because the staff wanted it."

The Admiral himself, Rear Admiral Robin Hogg, Flag Officer First Flotilla, was philosophical. Not for him to dwell on past mishaps, but to celebrate present success. "We're here to exercise with friendly navies all around the world," he told his own firmly-handled press conference in Sydney. "We're here to support UK Ltd. We've been 33,000 miles, crossed 20 time zones, made 18 port visits, without one adverse incident."

The biggest exercise with "friendly navies" was Rimpac (Rim of the Pacific) '86, which took place in the vast wastes of the eastern Pacific between California and Hawaii, with some 50 ships, 250 aircraft and more than 50,000 men drawn from all the navies, including Japan, but not New Zealand, which border the Pacific.

The British ships did well and drew glowing tributes from the American fleet commander. There were some ironic overtones. More than one witness felt a hair-tingling feeling at the sight of Japanese frigates, flying the flag of the Rising Sun, in Pearl Harbor and only a short distance away from the spot where a slight slick of oil still rises from the wreck of the battleship *Arizona*—sunk in the Japanese air attack in December, 1941 and now a war grave and national monument.

At the post-Rimpac exercise conference, the debate turned on aerial matters and the best approach to Pearl Harbor—through a gap between two hills. "Ah yes," said a Japanese officer from the floor, "the *traditional* route."

At home, Global '86 has suffered from a certain lack of publicity just because the sailors have been, if anything, too well-behaved. Where oldtime sailors would have headed straight for the bar nearest the dockyard gate and exerted themselves to reduce their surroundings-to rubble before their money ran out, the British sailor of the 1980s is much more likely to hire a car and see some of the sights. All the same, British sailors seem to have cut a broad swathe through Australian maidenhood, and matronhood, all the way round from Darwin to Geelong. *Beaver's* ship's company dance, attended by 300 local girls in the Working Men's Club at Newcastle, NSW, will long be the subject of many a song and saga.

Lacking many other stories, Global '86 has been something of a publicity bonanza for anti-nuclear protesters, especially after an unwary Australian admiral had inadvertently told a TV interviewer that the ships would "inevitably" have nuclear weapons (when he meant to say "not inevitably"). More than 100 "protest" boats met the ships entering Sydney, seeking out "nuclear capable ships".

The French were special targets, in the aftermath of the Rainbow Warrior affair, and with French nuclear tests continuing in the Pacific. But during the city march Sydneysiders gave the French *matelots*, with their characteristic pompon hats, especially warm applause.

The Royal Review was splendidly organized, down to the last second. On a crystal-clear October morning, with unlimited visibility, Sydney Harbour provided the most spectacular setting in the world. At exactly 1200 the destroyer HMAS *Perth*, leading the Flag Review Line, fired a 21 gun Royal Salute and cheered ship as she steamed past the Duke of Edinburgh who took the salute on board HMAS

Perth was followed by Beaver (flying Admiral Hogg's flag), the New Zealand frigate Southland, the Canadian destroyer Yukon, the US destroyer Paul F Foster, Commandant Blaison, and the patrol boat Aitape, from Papua New Guinea. Cook then reviewed the ships in the northern and southern halves of the harbour, every ship cheering as she passed. There were fly-pasts of Sea Harriers, helicopters and RAAF Orions. A gigantic helicopter-borne Royal Australian Navy White Ensign, a sure candidate for the Guinness Book of Records, was "trooped" through the Review lines.

After the Review there was still work to be done. A very important aspect of Global '86 has been the Arms Sales Days held in every port visited—what the Admiral calls "supporting UK Ltd". He himself played an enthusiastically patriotic part, taking Staffordshire porcelain, British books and English wine to present as gifts.

A British salesman's lot abroad is often not a happy one. Some British embassies are still sticky about



"trade". Thus representatives of firms such as Short Bros, Marconi and Rolls-Royce, and those selling every kind of equipment from air-trafficcontrol simulators to optical sights, from Seaspray radar to Sting Ray torpedoes, were delighted with the chance to demonstrate their wares on board. Many of the visitors were foreign defence procurement officials to whom salesmen might not normally have access. At Shanghai, Manchester and Amazon were visited by the Chinese Chief of Naval Operations himself—a "first" for the Royal Navy.

Naval officers prefer to "talk Navy to Navy". Often the best salesmen are the ships' officers and the sailors, who have no axe to grind or commission to earn but have practical experience of the product. Very occasionally the sales patter misfires. One day a distinguished visitor to *Beaver* who had been briefed beforehand began to comment on one of the 40mm Bofors guns, pointing out its antiquity and deficiencies. Eventually the seaman gunlayer, who had not been briefed, lost patience. "Listen, sunshine," he told the highranking guest, "this is a bloody good gun, so cut it out!"

It is too early to say how many actual sales will result. At San Diego the Americans placed two orders for a computer-based command system, FLOATS (Flag Officer At Sea), made by Ferranti. In Venezuela they liked a new type of Rigid Inflatable Rescue boat, by Osborne of Hampshire. In South Korea, whose harbours have

problems with intruders, there was interest in some sophisticated underwater television equipment made by a Scottish firm, Osprey Electronics. In China, where one can already see there is bound to be future scope for the Royal Navy's expertise, they were more interested in, literally, how to run a navy—how to organize a ship's routine, how to make out a watch and station bill, and how to arrange ship-board life.

The ships sailed from Sydney— Ulustrious being "buzzed" by a protester in a micro-light aircraft who dropped a wreath on her flight deck—for another major exercise, "Croweater", in the stormy seas and rough weather of the Great Australian Bight. For the sailors in Beaver

HMS *Illustrious*, the British flagship, in Sydney Harbour.

and Manchester and Amazon it was back to the business of watch-keeping and exercises. Illustrious's air group, of 800 Squadron's Sea Harriers, 814 Squadron's antisubmarine Sea King helicopters, and 849 Squadron's Airborne Early Warning Sea Kings, could expect once more to operate round the clock.

They left behind them in Sydney a somewhat wistful Robin Hogg, who had just been relieved as Flag Officer First Flotilla by Rear Admiral J. B. Kerr. This, was his last sea-going appointment. But, as he told the media, "Sydney is the highpoint of Global '86, and there's no better way to end my seagoing career than this."

FOR THE RECORD

Tuesday, October 14

The Bank of England announced a one point rise in base rates to 11 per cent.

Elie Wiesel, a Jewish author and survivor of Buchenwald concentration camp, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in Stockholm.

Wednesday, October 15

One man was killed and 70 people injured when two hand grenades were thrown at Israeli soldiers at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem.

The Sealink ferry dispute which began on September 30 ended when the National Union of Seamen accepted a deal saving two thirds of 316 threatened jobs and providing for redundancy of up to £30,000 for each of its members.

The House of Lords voted against the Government in favour of removing National Health hospitals' immunity from prosecution under health and safety laws.

Plymouth dockers turned back two lorry-loads of French chickens in retaliation to recent attacks by French farmers on loads of British lamb.

Thursday, October 16

Israel launched a helicopter-borne operation into southern Lebanon to rescue an airforce pilot shot down earlier in the day during a bombing raid on the Mieh Mieh refugee camp, said to be controlled by the Fatah branch of the PLO.

Friday, October 17

The International Olympic Committee

announced that Barcelona would stage the 1992 Olympic Games and Albertville, in France, the winter Games.

Sunday, October 19

President Samora Machel, leader of Mozambique since its independence from Portugal in 1975, died in a plane crash on the South African border. At least 27 of his senior government officials were also killed.

The Soviet Union expelled five American diplomats from the US Embassy in Moscow for "impermissible activities".

Australia beat England 2-1 in the World Hockey final at Willesden, London

Monday, October 20

Yitzhak Shamir of the Likud Party replaced the Labour leader Shimon Peres as Prime Minister of Israel's coalition government.

The Dutch Supreme Court ruled that two convicted IRA terrorists, Gerard Kelly and Brendan McFarlane, could be extradited to Britain to face trial on charges resulting from a mass jailbreak in 1983

Wednesday, October 22

The Secretary of State for Social Services, Norman Fowler, announced that pensions and most social security benefits would rise by 2 per cent from April 6.

Kingsley Amis won the £15,000 Booker Prize for his novel *The Old Devils*.

Thursday, October 23

Former Central African Republic emperor Jean-Bedel Bokassa was arrested in Bangui after returning from exile in France.

Manuella Vaughan was awarded £98,631 damages in the High Court for having both breasts removed at St Mary's Hospital, Paddington in 1981 after a doctor mistakenly diagnosed

Friday, October 24

A Jordanian terrorist Nezar Hindawi was sentenced at the Old Bailey to 45 years in prison for attempting to blow up an El Al jumbo jet last April. Following his conviction, the British Government severed diplomatic relations with Syria for their alleged part in the plot.

A Thames television producer, Alan Stewart, was killed by a landmine while filming in southern Sudan.

Saturday, October 25

The military governor of San Sebastian, General Rafael Garrido and his wife and son were killed when a bomb exploded in their car. The Basque separatist organization ETA was believed to be responsible.

Sunday, October 26

Jeffrey Archer resigned as deputy chairman of the Conservative Party following publication of a report in the *News of* the World that he tried to pay a prostitute to go abroad to avoid a scandal. Mr Archer said that he had never met the woman concerned but resigned because of his lack of judgment in allowing himself to be led into a trap.

The South African government ordered the Red Cross in Pretoria to suspend operations and its 15 Swiss representatives to leave the country following a vote at the International Red Cross conference in Geneva to bandoned apartheid.

Alain Prost of France won the Australian Grand Prix in Adelaide and with it the world title for the second year running.

Monday, October 27

The long-awaited deregulation of the Stock Exchange—generally known as the Big Bang—was accompanied by a computer breakdown which held up trading for several hours.

30,000 miners went on strike at three South African gold mines in dispute over a pay rise.

Tuesday, October 28

Jeremy Bamber, who murdered five members of his family in the hope of inheriting his adoptive parents' fortune, was sentenced at Chelmsford Crown Court to life imprisonment.

Prince Charles, speaking at the National House Building Council's conference, advised house-builders to stop trying to develop green-belt land and to concentrate instead on derelict inner-city sites.

The New York Mets beat Boston Red Sox in the final game to win the American baseball's world series 4-3

John Braine, the author of *Room at the Top*, died aged 64.

Wednesday, October 29

The Government announced that it would set up a 150 mile fishing zone around the Falkland Islands.

Sheikh Yamani was dismissed as Saudi Arabia's Minister of Oil and replaced by Sheikh Hisham Nazer.

Thursday, October 30

Norman Tebbit, chairman of the Conservative Party, launched a highly critical and detailed attack on BBC television news coverage and called for a thorough reappraisal of its editorial standards.

The Government announced that it would spend £400,000 over the next three years to help fight child abuse.

Friday, October 31

A prison officer was released by inmates at Saughton gaol, Edinburgh, who had held him for four days.

Sunday, November 2

Dr David Jacobsen, director of the American University hospital in Beirut, was released after being held for 17 months by Muslim extremists in Lebanon.

Sinn Fein, the political wing of the IRA, voted to take up any seats it might win in the Irish Parliament.

A 40-year-old man became the first person in Britain to be given a completely artificial heart at Papworth Hospital, Cambridgeshire. Two days later he was given a human heart.

The Government said that a committee of senior ministers had been set up to co-ordinate efforts to check the spread of Aids.

Monday, November 3

23 British and Irish nurses flew back to Britain after being expelled from Saudi Arabia for attending an illegal drinks party.

Mozambique's ruling Frelimo party elected foreign minister Joaquim Chissano as the country's next president.

Tuesday, November 4

In the mid-term US elections the Democratic Party recaptured control of the Senate from the Republicans with a 55-45 majority. In the House of Representatives the Democrats gained six seats to increase their majority to 259-176.

17 people were killed and more than 60 injured during renewed fighting between Palestinians and Shi'ite Muslims in Beirut.

Thursday, November 6

The Government unveiled plans for a £10,000 million increase in public spending over the next two years with extra money for education, social security, health and housing.

45 oilmen and aircrew were killed when a Chinook helicopter crashed in the North Sea while ferrying workers from the Brent oilfield to the Shetlands.

Friday, November 7

A High Court Judge Imposed fines of £10,000 and £5,000 for contempt of court on two officials of the National Graphical Association.

Saturday, November 8

Somerset cricket club won the support of its members in the decision to sack their West Indian players Viv Richards and Joel Garner. Ian Botham announced that he would resign from the club in protest.



Colourful crowds greeted the Queen throughout her state visit to China, which included a sight of the terracotta warriors at Xian. A fully illustrated report of the visit will be included in the ILN's Royal Year publication next June.







BELLS. A LONG-ESTABLISHED TRADITION AT CHRISTMAS.





THE MERCEDES-BENZ 190 SERIES: 190, 190D, 190D 2.5, 190E, 190E 2.3/16, PRICES FROM CIT 720.

The Mercedes-Benz 190.
The reason you buy it may not be the reason you enjoy driving it.

The 190 series may be the most compact of the range, but it is nevertheless every inch a Mercedes-Benz. It evolved through a meticulous 10-year development process of the type required for every new Mercedes-Benz model.

It inherited the family traits of strength, safety, durability, comfort and much-envied build-quality, at the same time setting new standards in the field of aerodynamics.

It has packed into its deceptively compact profile every attribute that has made Mercedes-Benz owners the most loyal in the world. And that's why most people are buying it.

But the 190 broke new ground. It introduced a remarkable new multi-link rear suspension system. A patented system that lets a driver take the ample power generated by the 190's engine range and use it to move people and things extremely quickly and comfortably.

It was also the first recipient of an ingenious new single-blade wiper system that reaches out to clean a panoramic 86% of the windscreen.

The 190 is not a sports car, but it can be driven like one. It will satisfy even the most enthusiastic driver, being engineered to the point where it will do practically anything you ask of it.

You'll buy the 190 because of its traditional Mercedes-Benz values. You'll enjoy driving it for rather less pragmatic reasons.



Engineered like no other car in the world.

AII) S LONDON'S LAST CHANCE

If the war against Aids is to be won in Britain it will have to be won in London. Of the 30,000 people in this country who carry the virus that can develop into Aids more than three-quarters are living and working and dying in the nation's capital.

For doctors acquainted with the disease it is an alarming phenomenon. For they know that they are no longer dealing with a distressing, but socially confined, "gay plague" but with a remorseless killer that puts everybody, including children, at rick

The disease is sexually transmitted by homosexuals and heterosexuals alike and can take up to five years to develop, during which time the virus may be passed to other sexual partners. There is no vaccination and no known cure. It is now "everybody's plague".

Some are openly desperate about the degree to which the infection has already spread. Dr John Gallwey, who is setting up an Aids unit at the Radcliffe Infirmary in Oxford, recently said that London was on the verge of becoming "a lost cause".

Dr Gallwey has no doubt that Aids is the most important public health problem of the century, and possibly the most important since the Middle Ages. He is among a group of doctors who thinks the war against the disease can no longer be left to voluntary bodies but needs national direction. It is an area, he says, in which "the Government has to govern".

It happens to be an area in which the Government has been at its most tentative. Recently, under vigorous prodding from the voluntary agencies, the Department of Health unleashed a £2.5 million newspaper advertising campaign on Aids prevention that was so low-key that most people either did not notice it Within the next two years the number of Britons carrying the virus that can develop into Aids will increase from 30,000 to 200,000. It is a national crisis, now recognized by the Government, with London as the main centre of concern. In this report, based on interviews with London doctors, Keith Conlon and Lewis Chester assess the dangers ahead

or were utterly mystified by it. A survey of the campaign's effects, carried out by a group of Southampton doctors, found that "the results indicate if anything a *decrease* in public knowledge about Aids".

There have been signs of a new boldness in the past weeks with the creation of a Cabinet committee of five senior ministers to combat the problem and with Health Minister Anthony Newton announcing that Aids is "the most urgent problem on my desk". The first decision has been to warn every household by leaflet of the dangers. When I asked Baroness Trumpington, the Under-Secretary

for Health, about its poor campaigning record earlier, she said, "We are not the only people who have been putting out stuff. The Terrence Higgins Trust are putting out publications for what you may call the *Daily Mirror* end of the market; so are London Lesbians and Gay Switchboard. In a way, basic talk about buggery comes better from those organizations than it does from the strict government background."

The point is, of course, that the basic word about preventive measures on Aids now needs to reach people who would not dream of counting buggery as part of their sexual repertoire. Baroness Trumpington was on stronger ground when she put the case for an approach that would not be simply alarmist: "One doesn't want to panic totally."

The problem here, unfortunately, is that there is already a lot of panic about, by no means all of which is confined to the medically inexpert. Some recent examples include:

- The Royal College of Nursing felt obliged last September to issue a warning that nurses could be struck off the register if they refused to tend Aids patients. The warning came after the College had received scores of letters from nurses expressing fears on the subject.
- Pathologists have refused to carry out post-mortem examinations of Aids victims in some cases because of concern about infection, particularly in relation to drug addicts. A London doctor with a large Aids practice said this fear was unjustified if "adequate and sensible precautions" were taken.
- Although there is no known case of Aids contagion by saliva transfer many Aids clinics maintain a dental service simply because there are dentists who refuse to treat Aids patients.

Fears may be exaggerated but they are by no means irrational. It has been said that if the disease goes unchecked every family in Britain will be touched by the year 2000.

People are sometimes misled by the fact that the number of confirmed cases of Aids is still comparatively small. So far there have been 548 reported cases of the disease in the United Kingdom, including 278 deaths. But the truly worrying growth is in the numbers of those carrying the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV), those whose blood is "antibody-positive". They

FROM THE FRONT LINE

Two years ago, Jonathan Grimshaw was told he had been infected with HIV and had a one-in-10 chance of developing Aids. He gave up a career as a television production manager to help found Body Positive, a self-help association for people with HIV. He was recently appointed as an Aids Counselling Training Officer with the National Aids Counselling Training Unit at St Mary's Hospital, Paddington. Here he illustrates some of the problems faced by those whose lives are threatened by Aids.

Alasdair is back in hospital, for the last time. His parents have been called so they can be with him when he dies. I met them several months ago when they came to visit Alasdair during his first stay in hospital. It was not an easy meeting. They had only recently been told, over the telephone, that Alasdair had Aids; they were shocked, bewildered and frightened.

Before going to see Alasdair, they had met his doctor and had been told what was being done. There was no answer to their most urgent question: "Why us? Why our son?"

Some time ago, Alasdair's mother had seen a television programme about Alds which said that homosexuals in New York had hundreds of sexual partners a year and that this was causing the rapid spread of Aids in the city. Alasdair's mother formed her own explanation of why her son had Aids. She blamed it not on her son's homosexuality, which she had accepted some time ago, but on what she assumed to be his promiscuity.

She was wrong. Alasdair had slept with only four people in his life. Unfortunately, Alasdair somehow realized what his mother was thinking. He started screaming at her. All the anger and rage that had been building up because of what had happened to him suddenly found a focus. He, too, wanted to find an explanation and someone to blame. So, in that instant, he

blamed having Aids on the fact that he was gay, and blamed his parents, and especially his mother, for making him into a homosexual.

Alasdair knew that he was being irrational, but sometimes the need to find an explanation, a cause, for things we do not understand outweighs rationality.

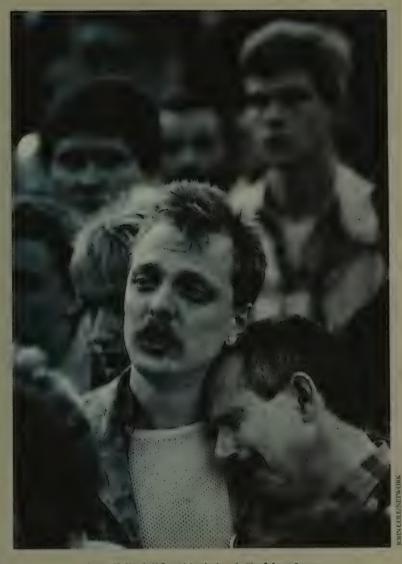
In some ways, screaming was the best thing Alasdair could have done. Anger is a natural part of coming to terms with dying. Alasdair and his parents learnt a lot from what happened at that meeting and grew closer as a result. It helped Alasdair grow strong enough to be discharged from hospital, that time.

What has put Alasdair back into hospital is partly sheer exhaustion. He was living in a council flat which he shared with his lover. The lover had left, unable to cope with Alasdair's illness. Although strong enough to leave hospital, Alasdair was still too weak to look after himself at home. He had to rely on the social services for help.

The Social Services Department in the borough where Alasdair lived had not had an Aids case before. They had no policy, and had yet to make a decision as to whether to provide services for people with Aids. As a result Alasdair had no home help, no meals on wheels. His telephone had been cut off because he had been too ill to work for some time and could not pay his bills. Had it not been for friends and voluntary workers he might have spent his last months degraded and in squalor.

Aids is incurable, but there is a cure for the misery of dying alone, rejected and without dignity. What finally exhausted Alasdair was the realization that the society we live in denied him even that.

London is slowly waking up to the magnitude of the crisis it is facing. Some London boroughs have begun to formulate policies on services for people with Aids and those infected with HIV. Some



A candlelit vigil for Aids victims in Trafalgar Square.

have begun to provide training programmes for their staff. But for people like myself who have the virus and who live constantly with the prospect of developing Aids, one of the things we fear most is becoming unable to care for ourselves and dependant on community services and goodwill. It is a terrifying prospect.

Aids touches on sex, disease, disability and death: all subjects about which we as individuals, and society as a whole, are ill at ease. It is not surprising that we want to think of Aids and HIV as someone

else's problem. Two or three years ago I never thought it could become my problem and did nothing about it, which is precisely why I became infected.

In London Aids and HIV are poised to break out of the "high risk groups" It is now common, when I go to the pub for a drink, to hear that someone I know has Aids. It is also common to hear of safer sex being practised. It's a gay pub. Across the road are several straight pubs. I often wonder if safer sex is being mentioned in there. If it isn't, it's too late.

may or may not get Aids themselves but they do have the power to transmit the virus and the disease.

It is estimated that today's total of around 30,000 HIV carriers will increase to 200,000 by 1988. Of these at least 15 per cent, and maybe twice as many, will develop Aids, with poor chances of survival. Some will develop related diseases with disabling effects. The rest will remain healthy, but infectious.

Even on the basis of the firm—as opposed to projected—figures it can be seen that the epidemic has the capacity to affect women and children, heterosexuals and homo-

sexuals alike. Homosexuals still constitute by far the largest group of Aids fatalities—more than 80 per cent—mainly because their group was the first to be afflicted. But the other deaths comprise heterosexuals of both sexes, haemophiliacs, drug-users and a baby. Doctors in the Edinburgh area have found 29 babies with HIV antibodies inherited from their mothers.

In London the three main hospitals dealing with Aids—St Mary's in Paddington, the Middlesex in Bloomsbury, and St Stephen's in Fulham—have seen a relentless annual doubling of their cases since

the disease was first identified in 1982. The first three patients—all homosexuals who are thought to have contracted the disease in the United States—are now dead.

It is a source of slim comfort that the disease does not appear to be as rampant in Britain as in America where 13,000 have died and the estimate of the infected population runs at 1.5 million. In parts of Central Africa, where the disease has spread almost exclusively by heterosexual means, 20 per cent or more of the population is now infected. London doctors still see it as a disease with almost unconfined potential.

Dr David Hawkins, a consultant in genito-urinary medicine at St Stephen's, says, "We have a few heterosexual men and women with HIV antibodies and it could quickly become prevalent in that community. I think it was just unlucky that it hit upon the homosexual community first."

How much further the situation deteriorates depends on how fast the virus spreads and that depends on individuals. In the current state of medical knowledge Aids is not simply a disease in which prevention is better than cure. It is the only cure.

There are three ways of

THE ORIGINS OF AIDS

Although there is no certainty, it is popularly believed within the medical profession that the virus which causes Aids originated in Central Africa in the 1970s. The theory is that it was originally an animal virus, found in the macaque and green monkey, and transmitted to the human population perhaps in a hunting or cooking accident in which contaminated blood from the animal entered a person's bloodstream. From there the virus mutated to become today's Aids virus.

Why it should have surfaced now is still an unanswered question. Nevertheless it spread rapidly through Central Africa via heterosexual routes, notably prostitution, and now affects more than 10 per cent of those in the region.

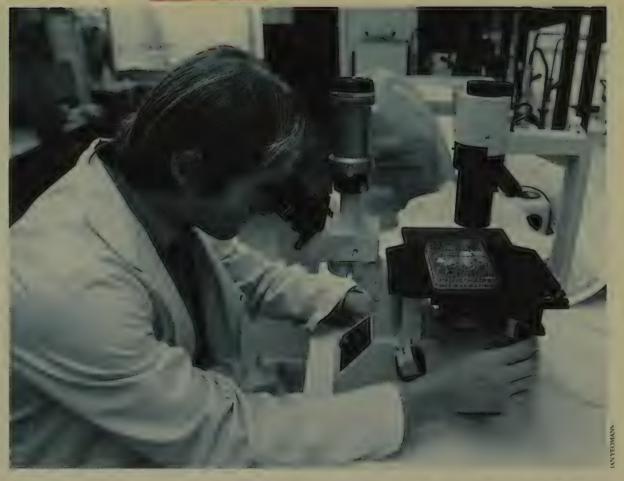
The virus was probably first brought over to the United States in the late 1970s when air travel was cheap and then spread among the homosexual community as a sexually transmitted disease. Those infected with the virus gave blood and from there it spread further into other social groups.

The first case of Aids was recorded in June, 1981 in the US. Since then about 25,000 Americans have contracted the disease, half have died and at least 1.5 million are now believed to be infected with the virus. Carriers may spread it further without realizing that they are doing so.

It is likely that the virus arrived in the UK via the United States. Although it was brought here by Americans and Britons travelling between the two countries, it also arrived in contaminated Factor VIII (a clotting agent taken from blood for haemophiliacs), imported from America. This infected haemophiliacs. So far, Britain's experience has mirrored that of the United States and we are now believed to be four years behind them.

A British venereal specialist, Dr John Searle, believes the popular view of the origins of the disease is in error. He is convinced that the virus is man-made and that it did not come out of Africa. He maintains that it was probably accidentally manufactured in an American cancer research establishment.

Searle's theory, which has found some support in the United States, also challenges the notion of the disease being specifically sexually transmitted. He thinks that it is transmitted by blood exchange which can be brought about by sexual practices, but is not exclusive to them.



» becoming infected: through blood exchange, sexual intercourse or by being born. In babies the infection can be transmitted across the placenta or through breast milk when the mother is HIV-infected. The highest concentration of the virus is in seminal fluid and blood, but it seems a reasonable quantity of blood has to transmit it.

It was for this reason that recipients of blood products and haemophiliacs were a significant risk group. The national screening of blood and heat treatment of Factor VIII (a clotting agent taken from blood for haemophiliacs) has reduced the risk but blood from recently infected carriers who have not yet made antibodies (which are what is detected by screening) may still donate potentially infective blood.

Women who are artificially inseminated can also be in danger. In Australia four women became infected with HIV when they received the semen of an infected homosexual donor. Semen from donors in Britain is now routinely screened.

There are no figures for infection rates among schoolchildren apart from haemophiliacs but the Department of Education last June took the precaution of issuing a leaflet for schools entitled, "Children at School and Problems Related to Aids." It emphasized the need for confidentiality in Aids cases and drew attention to a number of school subjects and playground practices that could put pupils at risk. The subjects included science, first aid and home economics. The playground pursuits

deemed most unacceptable were ear piercing, tattooing and the formation of blood brothers and sisters by blending wounds.

Sexual intercourse is the main route to infection. Most doctors believe that it is a straightforward, sexually transmitted disease like syphilis, and can be passed on by vaginal, anal or oral intercourse. Homosexuals are thought to have suffered the greatest casualties because they tended to have more partners than heterosexuals.

It is a question of the numbers game: the more people you have sex with, particularly in a high-risk group without some form of barrier contraception, the more likely it is that you will contract the virus. The prostitutes around Soho, Bayswater and Earls Court are therefore at risk.

Although gay and bisexual men still rank as the most significant group at St Stephen's, intravenous drug abusers are now feared to be the next major group in the Aids epidemic and a potentially formidable bridge into the heterosexual community. They spread the virus through sharing infected needles and flushing out their syringes—pumping blood in and out of the syringe in order to obtain as much of the drug as possible.

A recent study, published in the *Lancet*, estimated that there are approximately 20,000 such addicts in Greater London alone. At the moment fewer than 2,000 of these are believed to be HIV-infected, but if Edinburgh—where the infection runs at 50 per cent—is any barometer this situation will get worse.

Study of the virus—here at the Clinical Research Centre, Harrow offers no immediate hope of either a vaccination or a cure.

Dr Hawkins says that the problem of the addicts is compounded by the fact that up to 40 per cent of them are female and have a reasonable likelihood of getting pregnant. "If you get the virus when you are highly vulnerable, as in the case of a pregnant woman, then that seems to hasten the onset of Aids."

Unborn babies of HIV-infected mothers, as the Edinburgh experience shows, form the highest risk group of all—they stand a 50 per cent chance of contracting the virus and half of those infected will die within a year. But, in one sense, talk of risk groups begs the question: everyone who has more than one sexual partner and does not use barrier contraception is at risk.

Where the Government should intervene is in giving people the knowledge to protect themselves, and one another. This is a point vigorously put forward by Dr Tony Pinching, a consultant immunologist at St Mary's and a leading specialist in the field of Aids. "The virus can be contained by the behaviour of people in society and that is the key issue. The reaction that people have when something new comes along is firstly to ignore it and secondly to find somebody to blame. We really have to get away from that and regard the prevention of Aids as a matter for each individual in society.

Pinching is sometimes alarmed by

the public desire to find scapegoats. He found it on a small scale when setting up a hospice for Aids sufferers in Notting Hill. At one public meeting he encountered "a vocal minority or raw prejudice if you like, much of it based on ignorance and intolerance."

On a larger scale he sees similar qualities informing demands for compulsory registration of those with HIV infection. There is no question that the notion has aroused powerful sympathies and antipathies. In a recent *This Week* programme a sample of viewers was polled electronically on the question of whether there should be compulsory screening of all adults to identify carriers. More than three-quarters said "Yes."

Pinching sees it as something that would make his job even harder. "When you are dealing with a lifelong sexually transmitted disease, compulsory registration will do nothing to prevent the spread. And anything which is perceived to infringe on people's civil rights is liable to drive the problem underground. If they see the medical profession acting against their interest they won't reveal information that is necessary for medical care. That would be bad for us, public health and the patients."

Pinching also thinks it would be a waste of scarce resources to act on the suggestion that the Government screen people entering Britain from heavily infected regions such as Central Africa. "What the hell is the point of screening people coming from other countries," he says. Whether we like it or not the disease is here." Against this, it should be said that the Indian government, with much slimmer resources than our own, has recently introduced Aids screening for foreign students who come mainly from East and Central Africa. If the epidemic continues unabated in Britain the debate over screening is likely to become much sharper.

There can be no dispute about the dreadfulness of the disease and not only for those with the contagion. With advances in health and nutrition, hospitals have got out of the habit of seeing young adults die slowly. Aids patients are unusually affecting partly because they remind those who care for them of their own mortality. And there is the cruel Catch-22 of the test for the condition which has no cure. The knowledge that you might get Aids, even if you do not eventually contract it, can be psychologically disabling.

Both St Mary's and the Middlesex discuss the issues and counsel before a test is given, warning of what the implications are of having the test. At the Middlesex a team of four counsellors see between five and 10 cases every day. David Miller, a clinical psychologist who heads the team, says there are common features in

people who find themselves antibody positive. "They become very depressed because of the restrictions on their sexuality and sociability; people become chronically anxious because they don't know what is going to happen—this is one of the features of the test. There are the obsessional features of people who fear developing the symptoms and associated problems of nausea and sleeplessness. And some become suicidal. In fact the potential for suicide is one of the main motivations in insisting, pre-test, that everyone is thoroughly counselled before any blood is taken. I believe that it is medically and ethically irresponsible not to do so.'

One of Miller's biggest fears, though, about the whole condition is its effect on young people's brain systems. He says, "At least 50 per cent of people with Aids will develop signs of neurological disease due to HIV or other opportunistic infections. There are two broad categories there is no way we can stop-one in which specific regions of the brain are damaged leading to symptoms like strokes and the other, HIV encephalopathy, in which the brain basically shrinks, leading to dementia. We're already seeing signs of HIVrelated dementia in people without Aids, with chronic HIV infection only. It could well be that we are dealing with something that may become one of the prime neurological diseases of the 1990s.'

How far off is a cure? Nobody ≫ >

When an Aids virus attacks a cell, it uses an enzyme, reverse transcriptase, to translate its RNA genetic code into that of DNA. This DNA enters the nucleus and subverts the cell's genetic machinery to bring about the production of new virus particles. The new viruses move to other cells to repeat and expand the cycle of infection.

Figures from the Terrence Higgins suggest that of those infected (antibody-positive when tested), at least 15 per cent can expect to develop Aids.

The DHSS issues figures for new cases of Aids. The projections are from an article in the *Lancet* by McEvoy and Tillett. The total number of recorded Aids deaths in the UK up to October 31, 1986 is 278.

HOW THE VIRUS WORKS

When the Aids virus enters a person's body it occupies one of the cells of the immune system, called a T-cell. Under normal conditions that cell would help to combat any infection that enters the body. However, when the virus is present the reverse happens: an infection crops up, the cell is switched on, and instead of rallying the normal defence mechanisms, the cell produces carbon copies of the virus. These undermine the efficiency of the cell and often kill it. Worse still, a fresh virus bursts out of the cell and moves on to infect others, eroding the immune system at an increasing rate.

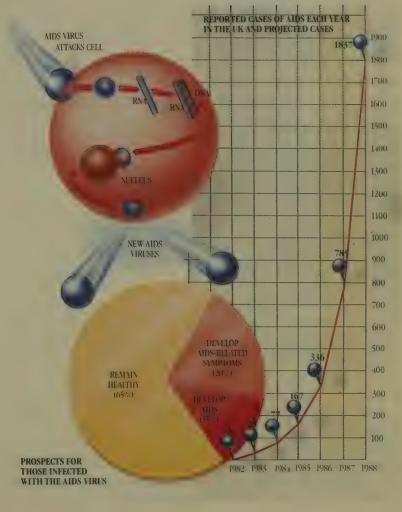
At the most extreme end of the spectrum a person's immune system may be so severely crippled by the virus that any new infection with a different organism will spread uncontrollably and kill. However, not everyone who has the virus will reach that stage or even develop Aids: many in fact remain healthy. It all depends on how far the virus has spread and how exposed a person is to disease.

There are a number of recognized stages before Aids. The first sign is that the patient will feel

feverish and shaky for about three to four days. The second, PGL (Persistent Generalized Lymphadenopathy), is the continual swelling of the lymph glands around the neck, armpits and groin. And the third AIDS-related complex is extreme fatigue, an extended period of unexplained diarrhoea and night sweats.

The symptoms for someone suffering from Aids are legion and range from ulcerations and chronic diarrhoea, often with the loss of 10 per cent or more of body weight, to severe skin disorders and dementia. However, to be clinically diagnosed as having Aids itself, other infections will also be expected to be present, in particular Kaposi's sarcoma, a cancer previously seen only in Mediterranean and Jewish men over the age of 60, and PCP (pneumocystis carinii pneumonia), an opportunistic chest infection which would not normally afflict a healthy person.

This is the evidence that the immune system is seriously impaired, hence AIDS—Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. On average those with Aids die within five to six years.



⇒ can predict one with any degree of precision though the American Medical Association has set the year 2000 as a target to develop a vaccine, to innoculate people against the possibility of HIV infection. Meanwhile, Tony Pinching believes that clinical trials will not start for another four years, "and that is a long time in the Aids epidemic" His real worry is that loose talk of a vaccine leads people to think that they do not have to concern themselves with behavioural change. "To foster headlines which say 'AIDS VACCINE READY SOON' is to do a lot of damage," he says.

Drugs to prevent the onset of Aids for those who are HIV-infected and drugs to cure people with Aids do not exist. Claims have been made on behalf of the drug AZT (3-Azido-3-Deoxythymidine) in the American press and it does appear capable of slowing the degenerative effects of the disease though it cannot cure it. When tiny supplies of AZT came to London—enough only for 12 patients—there were queues of people at St Mary's demanding it. But Pinching remains cautious, "There is a glimmer of hope, but the evidence needs to be examined much more closely. Like its predecessors, suramin and HPA-23, it may prove too toxic for general use.'

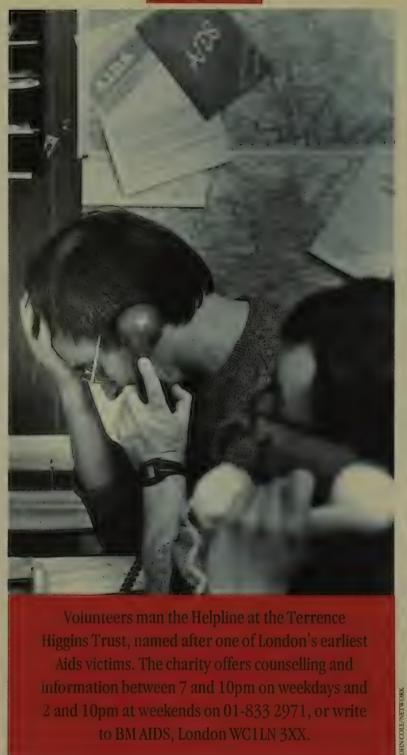
In the meantime, London's hospitals will be hard pressed to cope. The care costs for Aids patients, who spend an average of 50 days in hospital, are not huge—around £7,000 a case—but the capital requirements to adapt facilities and buildings to their special needs can be very steep. London's four health regions are expected to spend around £6 million on this task this year.

Bricks and mortar are among the problems of the Terrence Higgins Trust, a charity which offers Aids counselling, support and information. Martin Weaver, the Trust's spokesman, found the attitude of the DHSS towards them "bordering on the criminally negligent. They've given us money for staff, but they've refused to give us money for a new building, which is a bit of a conundrum—we can take people on but we have nowhere to put them.'

The Trust, named after one of London's earliest Aids victims, was established in 1982. Now based in cramped quarters in Clerkenwell it operates three telephone lines, receiving more than 1,000 calls a month asking for advice. Nearly all of these come from London.

"Originally our callers were predominantly gay," says Weaver. "Now over 50 per cent are heterosexuals." The main concern of their callers centres around the confusion that being antibody-positive necessarily leads to Aids and death.

The Trust is increasingly finding itself drawn into the area of civil liberties. If you are antibody-positive no institutional insurance company will



take you on and consequently you will not be eligible for an endowment mortgage. But the story does not end there. "The major problem," says Weaver, "is the employment one—sacking somebody because they are antibody-positive or because they have Aids. One male nurse told his employers at a private clinic in London that he was antibody-positive and they fired him immediately. People are also using the test as a 'gay test'—if it is negative you could still be sacked.'

Unmarried men of 35 and above who have had difficulty in negotiating a mortgage in the past year often found that the suspicion that they might be in a high-risk group was the inhibiting factor. Young men, of normal sexual orientation, who tried to buy a house by pooling their resources, met similar obstacles.

Some of the iniquities in the present situation seem inevitable—like the cruel fact that antibody-positive pregnant mothers are now routinely advised to abort in the interests of their own health as much as that of their unborn children-but there are many that seem to derive from ignorance and exaggerated fears, the seed-bed for collective paranoia.

A recent manifestation occurred last month in California with the vote for Proposition 64, a measure effectively giving the state quarantine powers and depriving all those touched by Aids-victims and carriers-of their civil rights. The proposition was lost but its right-wing initiator, Lyndon Larouche, was afforded a unique platform for his bizarre views, including the notion that Aids was "deliberately created by the International Monetary Fund".

The decision about how to proceed is a delicate one for politicians and medical men alike. In Britain there are already restrictions which affect those who have infectious diseases such as Lassa Fever or tuberculosis

Although there may be arguments about the degree to which civil liberties might properly be curtailed by public health concerns about Aids, there is no argument among experts about the need for a more vigorous health education policy.

David Miller of the Middlesex Hospital says, "The number of people with Aids is quite irrelevant to the planning of services to meet the contingencies of the epidemic-they represent just the tip of the iceberg. We ought to be aggressively marketing safer sex and information on how this virus cannot be caught and passed on. In this respect the DHSS

has been pathetic.'

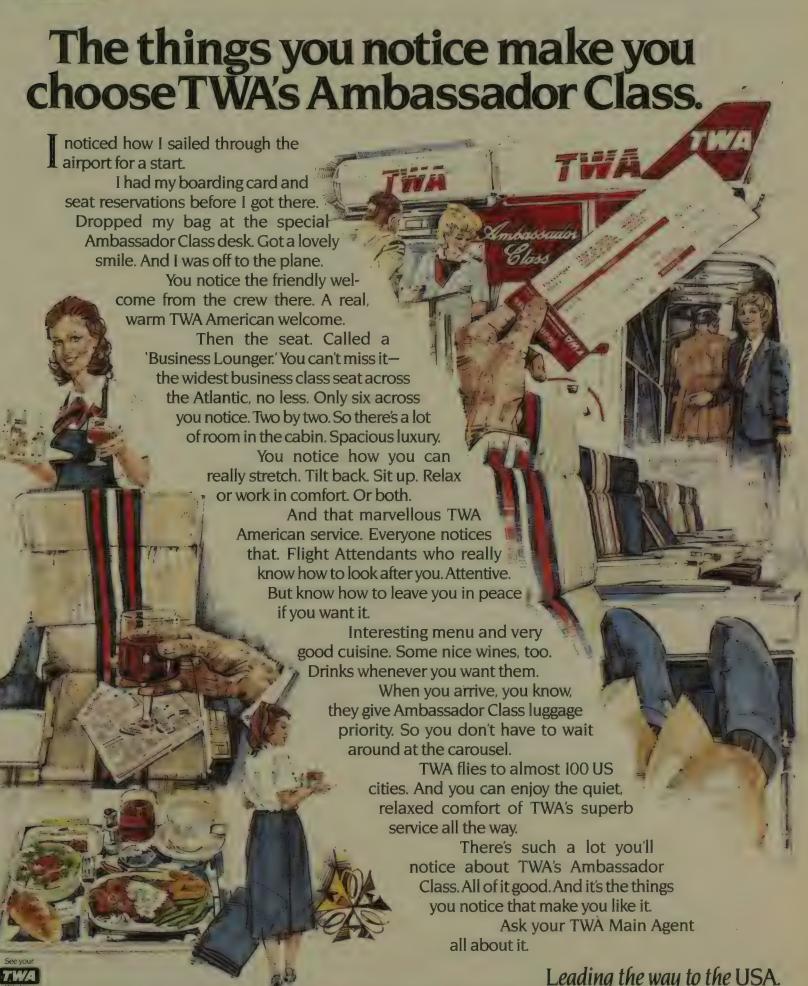
Tony Pinching of St Mary's has, with others, made firm recommendations for Government action in a College of Health publication, Aids and the Government. The firmest is that an additional £62 million be earmarked for the war against Aids in the next financial year. The emphasis is strongly on the side of prevention rather than treatment. Half the sum should be directed to a national publicity campaign to educate people on the virus and "safer sex". The authors particularly want advertisements on television and radio, so far denied on the grounds of "sensitivity". A further £5 million is said to be required for London's special needs and another £1 million for the Terrence Higgins Trust, which currently gets £100,000.

When we interviewed Baroness Trumpington we did not get the impression that the Government fully shared this sense of urgency. She thought the money allocatedaround £10 million and likely to increase—was "a sizeable amount".

She was horrified by one quite inexpensive reform that has been widely advocated in the medical profession to combat the spread of the disease among intravenous drugusers. This was that the Government should make clean needles and syringes available free to addicts through hospitals where they can come into contact with health education. "In the hospitals?" said the Baroness, "So they're going to walk in like everybody else? You have people who are not exactly sane. All kinds of people.'

Regrettably, at the current rate of infection "all kinds of people" can soon be expected to pay a visit to London's hospitals—civil servants, businessmen, housewives, the unemployed, tube drivers. But they will not want free needles. They will want to know why they have the virus, why they were not properly informed about how it spreads and why there is no cure.





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Torquil Norman co-founded Bluebird Toys in 1980 to develop his invention the Big Yellow Teapot, a playhouse complete with family, Another strong, highly original design is the A La Carte Kitchen (pictured behind him), Last year Bluebird's turnover was £8.7 million. "An encouraging sign is that our next year's range is almost entirely by British inventors.' he says.

HIGH RISKS IN **TOYTOWN**

Britain's toy makers are gambling on a boom in pre-school games because, as Sian Edwards finds, American companies now dominate the rest of the market. Photographs by Ed Pritchard.

If anyone was brave enough to in August greater things did come design a game about the British toy between Monopoly and Risk. Therewould be five players: Britain (represented on the board by a rusty Matchbox car). America (an overfed Cabbage Patch doll), Japan (an electronic robot), Hong Kong (a plastic car) and Taiwan (a cheap imitation of the current bestseller). The object would be to dominate the UK market. Unfortunately for the home team the outcome would be the same every time: American

Over the last 10 years the British tov industry has witnessed a rapid decline in its fortunes. Firm childhood favourites such as Matchbox (Lesney Toys) and Airfix have collapsed: Meccano emigrated to France: the Sindy Doll arm of Pedigree toys was swallowed up by the American firm Hasbros; and Britain's share of its estimated £850 million home market has dwindled from a respectable 76 per cent to a mere 42 per cent. In such a high-risk and volatile market casualties are considered to be part and parcel of the grand strategy. But the UK seems to have suffered more than most.

The straw which broke the camel's back, as with so many other industries, was the collapse of sterling in the mid-1970s. With the fall of the exchange rate British toy companies bore the brunt of cheap imports from the Far East and an aggressive marketing thrust from the States, backed by advertising on a scale no home company could hope to rival. The larger and more established names such as Waddingtons and Spears were able to withstand the initial shock waves, but many smaller companies went to the wall.

In the latest game of takeover even the most established names come under threat. Pedigree is one company that discovered this during the summer. For a number of years they were Britain's largest toy company, with an annual turnover edging towards £15 million and hopes of greater things to come after

but in an expected form. The American Goliath, Hasbros, unexpectedly bought out their highly profitable Sindy Doll collection on which they had relied for the last 15 years. Sindy contributed nearly \$.11 million a year to the Pedigree coffers and without her the company is very much a minor league team.

The Americans are now top of the UK pile, a position strengthened by their international structure and sheer size. Many US toy companies shelter under the umbrella of a multi-national and consequently eniov global contacts as well as access to vast resources for development and marketing. Kenner Parker. the makers of Trivial Pursuit, travels under the wing of General Mills, the food giant; and Fisher-Price, the market leader in the highly lucrative pre-school sector, belongs to Ouaker Oats. The British companies are, by comparison, small and independent, with advertising budgets which look like pocket-money by American standards.

However, size is not necessarily a guarantee of future security in this see-saw industry. The toy market has often been compared to that of the fashion trade. Children's tastes change overnight and new trends are forged virtually every year. Between 1983 and 1985 the sale of electronic and video games alone fell by 55 per cent, as dolls and action figures came into vogue. Add to that the time manufacturers have to hook the customer and the prospect of success seems even more slippery: nearly 70 per cent of all toy sales are made in the last three months before Christmas, and the average life expectancy of a toy is only three years. The shape of the industry could look very different in 1989.

The biggest trend in recent years. and the life-blood of American domination, has been "character merchandising". Essentially this involves marketing a toy on the back of an image, such as The A-Team or Star Wars. This is not entirely new. Disney characters, Snoopy cartoons a company reshuffle. Unfortunately and the likes of the Muppets **>



Tom Kramer of Seven Towns, a London-based toy firm, beside his invention The London Game. Based on the idea of visiting six famous sites via the Underground map, it has sold an average 10,000 a year since 1972. As inventor's agent, Kramer discovered Erno Rubik's cube which came out in 1981. He holds its successor, the recently launched Rubik's Magic, in his hands.

"inspired" designers and manufacturers to exploit their heroes and heroines in the shape of dolls. Now the process is reversed and the characters' influence more pervasive. A toy character such as Hasbros' hugely successful My Little Pony (a plastic horse with garish coloured mane and disco boots) or Kenner Parker's Care Bears is promoted with numerous animated films.

Britain cannot effectively compete in this field, lacking the promotional budgets that character merchandising demands. Although there are small-scale exceptions such as Roland Rat and Postman Pat, the home tide is instead turning towards traditional toys, and in particular focusing on the pre-school sector which represents nearly 40 per cent of the market. Tipped to be the next boom area, it is one in which British companies are enjoying considerable success.

Bluebird Toys is one such example. Based in Swindon, the company was established in 1980 by Torquil Norman and Michael Andrews to develop the Big Yellow Teapot, a plastic teapot the size of a medicine ball which acts as a playhouse complete with its own family. Its design, like others in the Bluebird range, such as A La Carte Kitchen (a dwarf cuisine on wheels) is clean, highly original and with a strong emphasis on quality. The formula has paid off: Bluebird's turnover has grown con-

sistently to £8.7 million in 1985.

"An encouraging sign." says Norman, a former merchant banker and the teapot's inventor, "is that our next year's range is almost entirely by British inventors. Our toys are rather English in design. They are relatively simple and rely on strong design and features. The Japanese, on the other hand, depend on technical virtuosity with advanced electronics. I consider that a high-risk area involving massive investment and research; in three years you may wake up and find yourself in the wrong business. That is something we cannot afford to do; we're trying to build a business one brick at a time !

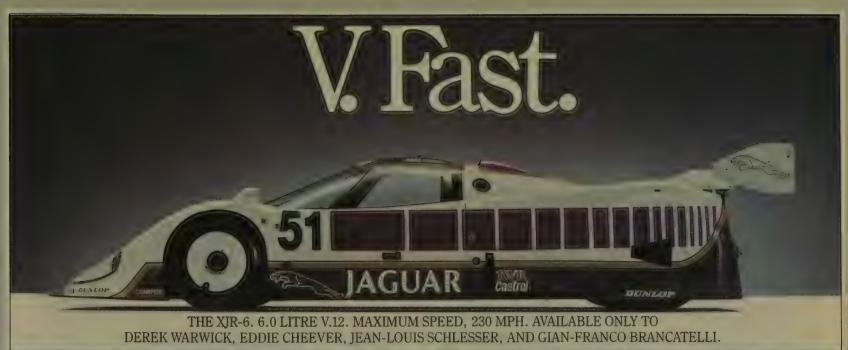
A further feather in Bluebird's cap has been its ability to sidestep piracy, a big problem in the industry. Taiwan and Hong Kong are the acknowledged masters at this game. They obtain a sample toy and rapidly, sometimes in a matter of days, replicate it at low cost and ship it out to a market unwittingly prepared by the victim. Bluebird has avoided this since their tooling is unique and its cost too high for fly-by-night manufacturers to imitate profitably. Other companies must give chase with law suits, but by then the damage is done.

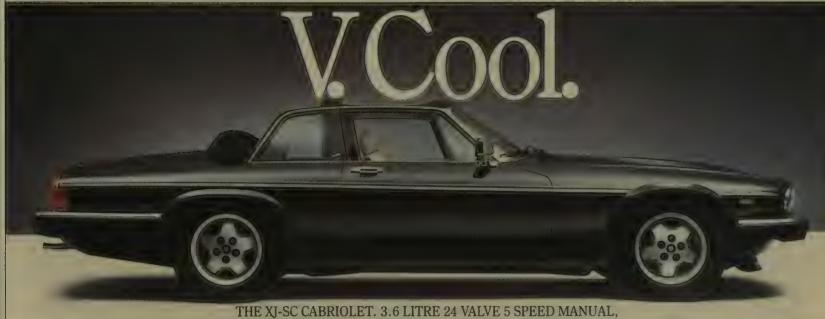
How much damage is done depends on how much the victim relies on the pirated toy. Many of the industry's long-stayers have survived

largely on the back of one product: Mattel with Barbie, Kenner Parker with Care Bears and, until recently, Britain's Pedigree with Sindy. This may seem a dangerous policy in so uncertain and fickle a business, but the trick is to prolong a product's life through a range of accessories that maintain an interest in the toy and are expensive to imitate. Sindy's wardrobe rivals that of Joan Collins; she has her own television studio; and after a Jane Fonda work-out routine she can recuperate in a hospital, the envy of the NHS.

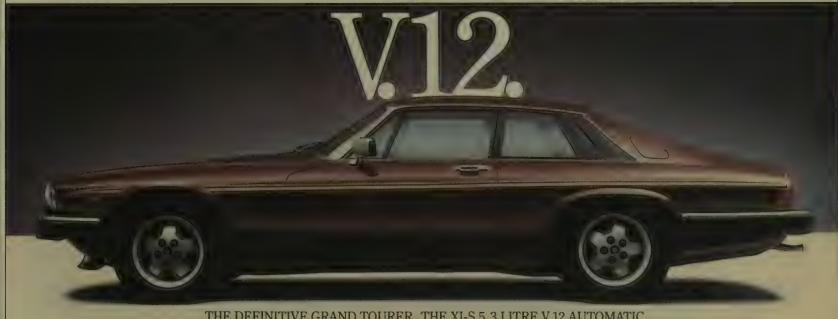
Spears do not suffer the same constraints. Although they, too, owe their fortunes to one product, Scrabble, a game designed by an out-of-work American architect in the Depression, they still bring out some 12 new products each year. Tom Mackie attributes part of their recent upturn to one notable American influence. "I think Trivial Pursuit has been very important. It has brought people back to the social value of parlour games. And it has been valuable in showing the industry that the public is prepared to pay more than £10 for a game.

Spears estimate that they receive nearly 2,000 games from would-be inventors each year. Yet Mackie says he cannot remember the last time they took a game from a member of the public. Like many British companies they rely on a vast pool of independent, professional





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Designer John Pape of Raffo & Pape, at his Hitchin office. He and his team work closely with Hestair Kiddicraft who specialize in pre-school toys. His firm produces "a lot of very well-considered but very individual products", more marketable in Europe than in America where ranges "with a lot of embellishments" catch on more

easily.

» > inventors. Originality and design is, after all, the name of the game.

Spears's latest range, The Little World of Scrabble, is a children's version in which plastic, connectable alphabet characters live in books. It was designed by Tom Kramer of Seven Towns, a London-based firm which designs, develops, markets and licenses toys. Kramer, who entered the business by chance after a game of his for maladjusted children was spotted, is the man who put Rubik's Cube into toy folklore. He discovered it at the Nürnberg trade fair.

"It was highly innovative. You couldn't quite believe it was happening," Kramer recalls of the cube. "That is the hallmark of a great toy." Other cardinal qualities he expects to find in a successful toy are the ability to produce it at a given price, and "play value".

These qualities are not always in evidence. "The great sadness of the toy industry is the mediocrity," he observes. As a designers' agent he sees a wide cross-section of new ideas, from the plausible to the bizarre. Each new scheme must be taken seriously—every designer and inventor's agent lives in the hope of stumbling across tomorrow's Cabbage Patch.

John Pape of Raffo and Pape, is a British designer who has translated his ideas with style and success into original and well-considered products. He and his team work closely with Hestair Kiddicraft, an established and now buoyant British company specializing in pre-school toys.

Pape, who trained as an industrial designer and worked on test dummies for car manufacturers, thinks there is much more to toy design than meets the eye. "In industrial design," he says, "there is usually a tangible brief. That's something we rarely get. They'll just say 'a bath toy'. Now you can't just sit down and draw something. Before you start you've got to invent. A lot of very experienced designers cannot get into the project. They don't know what they are supposed to be doing,"

Pape feels that British toy design is not readily exportable. "The products we produce in Europe are right for Europe, but wrong for America; and vice-versa. If you place one of our pre-school toys in an American store it stands out for being too clean and pure. The American equivalent will often have a lot of embellishments, somewhat crass.

"All they have to do is say Care Bears and they've sold the range. Whereas with a range like ours which contains a lot of very well-considered but very individual products, how do you choose which ones to promote? And how do you split the budget?"

One man's reply is clear-cut:

forget the toys, pump the money into adult games. Jack Jaffe is Britain's foremost authority on adult games and a professional inventor in the field. He founded SIGMA (The Society of Inventors of Games and Mathematical Attractions) in 1975 to encourage game playing and improve the status and rewards for the inventor. His main complaint is that British games manufacturers ignore or at best short-change people like himself, who see the high potential of the adult sector.

To date he has laboured over 19 games, including Libido, in which the security of personal clothing is at stake. His latest is Save The President, a complex and novel game based on Washington DC's grid system with CIA and KGB agents.

Much that has come on the market is in questionable taste, like My Pal Puddles (a dog which fortunately only wets); a Spanish anatomical doll for children to dismember; a rubber dog on which to practise veterinary skills; the Aids Game; and the Jesus doll, of which one American company produced 400,000, anticipating huge sales, and failed to sell one.

Children's tastes have become more sophisticated. There are now even bears, such as Smartie Bear, which talk back. Perhaps in a few years' time it might be interesting to ask one how things fare in the British toy industry. At the moment they only grunt. \bigcirc



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AT HOME IN THE TOWER

London's most popular tourist attraction is also the capital's smallest village.

Claire Frankel reports from inside the Tower of London

ost people know that the Tower of London is the most popular paid tourist attraction England, but it comes as a surprise to learn that this is not just an 18 acre piece of expensive, historical real estate rooted on the banks of the Thames. It is also a romantic village housing 45 families for whom the Tower is home. Residents of this small community live and work within the walls, cultivate their gardens, tenaciously guard their privacy, and bowl, jog or play tennis on the village green—a circular green

Originally a classic, square Norman wooden fort, the Tower was built within the old 20-foot-high city walls of Roman Londinium. Later. William the Conqueror converted it into a stone palace and fortressinitiating nine centuries of growth. Today there are 20 towers variously used as citadel, palace, gaol, menagerie, mint and observatory, and latterly also housing collections of jewels, arms and armour. This ancient site is the embodiment of British history, architectural and emotional, magnificent and sometimes terrible

The core of its residential community and the custodians of the Tower are the 42 Yeoman Warders of the Tower of London, founded in 1485 by Henry VII. (They are not to be confused with the Queen's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard, at St James's Palace, who work part-

time guarding the Queen on state occasions.) They live there with their families with the Governor and his two Deputies, a chaplain, a doctor and the curators of the Jewel House and Armouries. It is a large, honourable family, and, as London estate agents would say, "nicely situated".

Yeoman Warders, the Governor and his Deputies share a common military background. They are all retired, pensioned, discharged officers or colour sergeants with a minimum of 22 years' service in the Army, Royal Marines or Royal Air Force, and must also hold the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. They are on probation for a year. Selection was different in the 16th century. If a healthy man with a good physique had £309 he could apply for the job, selling his appointment on retirement. If he died in office however, the money stayed in the kitty. That system was abolished in the middle of the 19th century by the Duke of Wellington.

These men understand and enjoy a structured, secluded, semi-military life of which service at the Tower is an extension—one they prefer to a civilian existence. They take pride in their overtly royalist occupation, are gregarious public-relations men who know their history and take pleasure in making the Tower come alive for

their visitors. The size and surroundings may be different from your home and mine, but the hospitality is much the same.

The military families and the curators pay rent (an upper limit of 10 per cent of their salary) and rates as well as gas, electricity and water charges. One of the niggling restrictions is that friends cannot just "drop by" without telephoning first. This is not due to any matter of "good form"-they just would not get in without their names being "warned" (signed in with the sentry). The gates close at 6pm, reopening to allow visitors back in for the sevenminute Ceremony of the Keys which ends at 10pm. Special arrangements must be made for leaving and entering until the gates reopen at 6.45 the next morning. Shopping is possible only outside the Tower walls and services are rare, with the exception of milk, mail, dustmen and wine delivery (for the Yeoman Warders' social club). In many respects it is like a service posting-often with superior living accommodationwhere everyone knows everyone else, respects each other's privacy and gets on with the job.

Thomas Trent, the most recently appointed Yeoman Warder, explained the 400-year-old induction ceremony which still forms part of the impressive swearing-in today.

An Englishman's home is his castle: Yeoman Warder John Kenny relaxes after a nightshift, top; residents of this small community tenaciously guard their own privacy and even have their own village bowling green.

"All the uniformed yeomen form up around you on Tower Green and the Governor asks if you wish to become a Yeoman Warder. You've got a 344word oath which you take. Then you can go to the club and the toastwith port—is 'May you never die a Yeoman Warder'. In other words, may you always be able to sell your position." In reality, they (and the Governor and his deputies) may live at the Tower until the age of 60, with the option of staying on for an additional five years if they are fit and still needed. Tom Trent came to work at the Tower on May 19, 1986, a date he will never forget. "That's the 450th anniversary of Anne Boleyn's execution.'

"I may have been too long in the Army (Signals)," he muses, "joining up at 15 and coming out at 40." He then worked "outside" in a cash-andcarry company, becoming a manager this January at a salary of £11,000, with the promise of a company car. "But I was driving 40 miles morning and night to and from work and doing over 70 hours a week. There was no pension, and there was anxiety about continuous moving.' As a teenager Trent had been taught to play hockey for the services by "one of the old soldiers", a Yeoman Warder. When he came to London, "his" Beefeater used to come and watch him play, bringing him back to the Tower to stay the night.

"I got the bug then. I saw that everybody got on together within this village. As a Yeoman Warder ">>>>









Early morning activity at the Tower before the visitors arrive.

** with overtime in the summer section of the Army, A Signals person this new adventure and their virtually the same money. You get up another corps to do the welcoming." in the morning and you're at work. The rent is based on your service pension. And you know exactly how every day. What sold it for me was goes. I enjoy the extension of milibrotherhood.

tenants in a cosy one-bedroomed flat out your washing on a line" in the Waterloo block facing the

Most of the Tower wives work outside and are earning good money (the City of London is a high employyou're scheduled for years ahead ment area with a small resident even though your job is different population). Andrea was told she it out of the Tower, we'll be all right. the long-term security of the job. for the present she is learning the This is the last job in England that streets inside and outside the walls. Green he points to two of his will disappear, unless the monarchy shopping occasionally at Leadenhall charges who squawk and flutter tary life, the spirit of service and around. "One thing's for sure," she laughs, "you don't shake your mop Tom Trent and his wife Andrea are out of the window up here or hang who was keen on telescopes, was

corner of the White Tower and any time," Andrea continues. "Even ing the astrological instruments. beyond to Tower Bridge. The Chief at the club there are 'outsiders'— When told of the superstitious pro-Warder called on them when they invited guests who stay for the 'Keys' phecy that the White Tower and the first moved in to be sure all was well. ceremony-so men out of their day-"There are seven other Signals time blue uniforms wear smart ravens were no longer there, he people here," Tom said. "They tend blazers or suits and wives dress up moved the Royal Observatory to to adopt you if you're from the same too." They are both delighted with Greenwich. So now, 300 years later,

and no travel expenses I can earn wouldn't want someone from youngest son, Shaun, aged 17, who joined them last summer, enjoys his new address

> They've had Beefeaters since the 15th century," said Tom Trent, "and if we make sure the ravens don't leg would be lonely without a job, but David Cope, Assistant Raven Master, will see to that. Walking along Tower Market and generally finding her way about, saying, "That's Larry and Hardy. Making quite a kerfuffle. Legend has it that King Charles II,

planning to move the ravens out of "You really can't look too sloppy at the Tower because they were foul-Commonwealth would fall if the

and a communal water trough.

ment doors and the outer mesh screen, there is a 2-foot-wide Looking out of the kitchen window cement channel which has a depression filled with water. I inquired, Cope to volunteer for the job. He seeing coins in the water, whether this was a clever method of getting copper into the ravens (if indeed Cope. "Our visitors insist on throwing coins into all the ponds—even and spends his leisure time refinishforeign money."

David Cope had always been to retire impressed by the Tower as a youngster, but it was only when looking they came out one day, did a little "The kids think it's a little tiresome went back and told everybody it was The fabric of the building is

George, Hugin, Mumin and Rhys (six the Yeoman Warders and decided to here," their father says. "They don't is the Charles II complement), live in try it. Two years later, they found have the same freedom to come and is amused by his visitors. He has had a wood-panelled splendour in their themselves at 7 Tower Green being go as their friends who live elsenumbered quarters with sand floor asked what kind of wallpaper they would like and what colours they Between the line-up of their apart- preferred. They moved from Cambridgeshire in January, 1982. at the antics of the ravens inspired hopes to be Raven Master when the present incumbent, John Wilmington, retires. In the meantime, he ravens need copper). "Oh no," said quite happily runs his labradors for an early-morning trot in the moat the pit by the Lion Tower. It's mostly ing a table or weekending with his are known by the officers on duty. wife in Derbyshire where he hopes Mugging is unheard of.

Rachel, his 19-year-old daughter, works in the City. Her brother Mark. through some service pamphlets 23, has just gained a degree in that he saw the job advertised. So geology. They both live at home. ideas. One friend who did come similar to a pub, which opens at 8 pm.

the ravens, namely Larry, Hardy, recce on their own, spoke to a few of and somewhat restrictive living where. They must carry a pass at night and book out if they're later than gate closing time at 10pm.'

For the parents of younger children the problems and compensations are different. Ann, wife of Yeoman Warder George Henley, works in her son Ian's junior school really? What's it like?' 'Well, we don't in the City. She is delighted with the feeling of safety within the Towerthe children are free to roam when spin driers, freezers, television and the gates are closed, and when they central heating.' They're quite wander in the ancient streets they

bring schoolfriends home with her selves as beef caters when employed because they do not really believe as royal waiters to the Tudor tableshe lives there. "They've got weird operate a lively evening social club.

David Cope, Assistant Raven Master, feeds one of his charges, left. There are six ravens at the Tower and the superstition still holds that the White Tower and the Commonwealth will fall if the ravens leave. Yeoman Warder George Henley, below left, is a keen gardener and historian and lives in a house which used to be part of the Royal Mint and dates from 1590. "People still think we live in the Dark Ages and some are unhappy when they find out we don't," he says.

spooky and that put the others off." However, Karen feels carefree in the Tower and is able to "muck around" with her community friends. But the cobbles make roller skating impossible and, "When you're playing tennis against an old brick wall, you can search for ages for a lost ball in

the most' The Henleys live in the Casemates. Mint Lane, in a house dating back from about 1590 which was once a proofing room for the mint (the Royal Mint moved out of its Tower premises in about 1805). Where there had been a large round hole in the ceiling to let out smoke, there is now a large glass skylight. Sitting in their comfortable living room you can hardly imagine the Duke of Wellington's horse pawing that very ground and striding next door to be shod, "There's history in every brick here and you can't get away from it," says George Henley.

"I didn't want a nine-to-five job shuffling paper. Here, every day's schedule is different. [Yeoman Warders work an eight-hour day, six days a week, including Saturdays and Bank Holidays.l When you first come, you dash around, but then you realize how long the Tower's been here. There's really no rush to do anything." A keen historian and gardener (his roof is covered with tubs overflowing with flowers), George Henley obviously enjoys his job and wonderful variety of queries over the years, from "How long does it take to take tea?" to "Has the White Tower always been located here?"

They look at the little houses and ask, 'Anybody live there?' he says. 'Oh, yes, madam. I live there, madam, with my wife and children.' 'Do you draw water out of the well any longer. We've got washing machines. surprised."

The Yeoman Warders-referred to as "Beefeaters" possibly because Karen Henley, aged 13, does not they made a reputation for them-



» late-13th-century, but like everything in the Tower, because it has been continuously inhabited, it has been continuously changed.

Lining the walls are colourful regimental plaques mounted on wooden shields—badges, in order of seniority, from the regiments that have done guard there. Portraits of the Queen and Winston Churchill decorate the walls plus originals of newspaper cartoons depicting Beefeaters, given by the artists who drew them.

Six wooden tables and chairs are scattered around the room and they can be rearranged to make space for dancing. On summer evenings the tables and chairs are put outside on the stone lane near the front door.

With the Tower's enforced privacy, no unwanted, uninvited visitors wander in. This is their private club, for Yeoman Warders and their families; a pool table and a room for the children completes the set-up. A much-used brass rail runs the length of the bar over which hangs a sign "The Yeoman Warder steward is..." followed by the name of the man on duty for that evening. "We tend to stand up drinking—cramps your

style sitting down," I was told.

The Tower forms probably the smallest National Health Service community in Britain—about 200 people serviced by their "in-house" doctor, Surgeon Captain A. McEwen OBE, RN, who holds bi-weekly surgeries and also has a Harley Street practice. The chaplain has a similar arrangement: a Dulwich schoolmaster Monday to Friday, the Tower pastor on Sundays, conducting christenings, marriages and funerals (but no burials) in one of the two beautiful royal chapels.

The Constable of the Tower has been, since the first Duke of Wellington, a distinguished soldier. Today he is Field-Marshal Sir Roland Gibbs, appointed by the Crown for a five-year term. In a formal ceremony, the "Keys and Custody" of "Her Majesty's Palace and Fortress of the Tower of London" are delivered to him by the Lord Chamberlain; he is given custody of Queen's House which he then turns over to the Resident Governor, always a retired Major-General. The Constable, responsible for major policy decisions at the Tower but not for the day-to-day running, retains only a



A cleaner at work in the armoury of the earliest building, the White Tower.

Deputy Governor Brigadier Kenneth Mears and his wife Elizabeth live in St Thomas's Tower, the oldest duplex in Britain, which once served as the sleeping quarters for King's Edward I, II & III.

"changing room" in Queen's House, living elsewhere outside the walls of the Tower. That timber-framed house was built (probably on the site of the medieval constable's lodging) in 1536 as a wedding present for Anne Boleyn—she actually lived there only for 11 days before her "instant divorce". Major General Patrick MacLellan, the Resident Governor, and his two deputy governors are the most senior officers of the Tower.

While Deputy Governor Brigadier Kenneth Mears was still working in British Intelligence, his wife Elizabeth saw an advertisement for the civil service job of Deputy Governor of the Tower. Mears has always been interested in history ("If you aren't, you won't like living here", he says), so he applied and was selected.

They live in the oldest duplex in Britain, St Thomas's Tower, once the 13th-century bedroom quarters of Kings Edward I, II and III and partitioned in Victorian days. The walls are of solid stone and are 3 feet thick on the defended river front. Elizabeth Mears can stand at her modernized kitchen window and look at the Bloody Tower with its plaque reading AD 1225 and a surviving iron ring once used as a tie-up for boats. She finds her tower home a little more difficult to keep clean and tidy because of its age, the dust and the 18-foot-high ceilings. The copper roof was damaged during the war; around 1950 it was repaired but extensive insulation was required. It was reckoned to be uninhabitable, so double windows were also added and the heating system updated.

Adjoining their bedroom is a small tower oratory, built of Caen stone and dedicated to St Thomas à Becket, Constable of the Tower in 1162. The oratory, scene of Sir Walter Raleigh's secret marriage to Lady Elizabeth Throgmorton, served the devotional needs of resident monarchs without necessitating a visit to the Tower chapel. The Mears enjoy their proximity to medieval and Elizabethan history and are often visited, they told me, by a friendly abbot in ghost form, who takes vespers in the oratory.

On a typical morning Kenneth Mears gets up at 7am, jogs 2½ miles around the moat, picks up his newspaper at the Tower Hotel (none are delivered), unlocks various portions within the Tower and breakfasts at home before going to his office around 8.45am. The ghost of Edward I must look approvingly at this energetic tenant \bigcirc



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| NORTHAMPTON | |
| NORTHAMPTON | Bodileys |
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| STOCKPORT | John Plant |
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| | David Lean |
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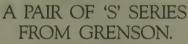
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EVANS THE VOICE

Rodney Milnes talks to Anne Evans, who is currently enjoying a triumphant progress as Welsh National Opera's Brünnhilde. Photograph Ric Gemmell

The world of opera is full of shooting stars, young singers of talent who, whether through thoughtlessness or the ruthlessness of promoters, are burned out after a matter of years. So a true star like Anne Evans is all the more worthy of celebration. She has just scaled the Everest of soprano singing Brünnhilde Wagner's four-part music drama The Ring of the Nibelung, and despite alarms and excursions along the way when the Welsh National Opera gave the cycle at Covent Garden at the end of September (a doctor was in the house at one of the performances), she emerged in triumph, and at a blow established herself as one of the leading exponents of the part in the world today. The fact that her success was no "star-is-born" overnight sensation, but the result of painstaking, thorough preparation over the years hardly makes hers a traditional news story; but it is a heart-warming one that could serve as an object lesson, if not a cautionary tale, in a profession as beset by hustlers as any other.

To be sure, Anne Evans started with advantages, having been born of a Welsh family, albeit in Islington, where her mother ran a small dairy. "We Welsh sing before we speak, she says. "I don't come from a professional musical family, but they were all of them musical. My mother, who came to The Ring at Covent Garden (she's 81 and a little bit deaf, but she loved it all), had a beautiful voice, so did my grandmother, and my grandfather conducted a choir. So I was brought up singing—chapel, London Welsh Club, Eisteddfods. Having always sung gives you a sort of confidence that some English singers don't have: when they start at 15 or 16 they haven't already got up and done it. The Welsh are born treading the boards.'

Her singing career started comparatively smoothly. A Munster Award took her to the Royal College of Music, where a fortnight ago she sang to the Queen at the gala opening of their new opera theatre—"That was nice, I felt I'd come full circle." More scholarships took her to postgraduate training and small singing roles in Geneva, and she

returned to join what was then Sadler's Wells Opera in 1968, the year in which the company moved to the London Coliseum. For nearly 10 years she had the most valuable experience available to any young singer, singing lyric soprano roles as a member of an ensemble-Mozart heroines, Violetta in La traviata, the multiple soprano leads in The Tales of Hoffmann, then Tosca. There were some pointers to the future: Elsa in Lobengrin, and one of her most successful interpretations, the Marschallin in Strauss's Rosenkavalier in 1975. Until then she had been an instinctive actress. "I used to run around rather a lot and chew the scenery, which can be exhausting for the audience as well," she recalled. But the producer John Copley helped her to discover the value of stillness.

Then came the sort of hiccough that can affect the best ordered career in the best ordered ensemble. Suddenly her face did not seem to fit, and Anne Evans felt she was not getting the roles and the encouragement she needed. In 1977 she took the risky step of coming off the payroll and going freelance: "I was terrified at the time-suppose I didn't get any work and it was the end of my career?" For some years the English National Opera, as it then was, did not forgive her and, while she sang in San Diego and Düsseldorf, Hanover and San Francisco, her appearances at the Coliseum were confined to attending first nights. There was a happy ending this year when she was invited back to sing in Parsifal.

Meanwhile, she found a not inappropriate second home base with the Welsh National Opera, who saw her potential and started to release it. One of her most testing assignments was Chrysothemis in Strauss's Elektra. It also introduced Anne Evans to the controversial East German producer Harry Kupfer, one of the great influences on her career. "I believed in everything he asked me to do. If anyone had said a month before that I'd end up copulating on my father's cloak, I'd have said forget it-but I did. After Kupfer had loosened me up, I knew I could do whatever I wanted dramatically." A second

encounter with Kupfer in the Welsh *Fidelio* drew a completely different kind of performance from her, very restrained and economical.

It could only be a matter of time before the company asked her to take on Brünnhilde in their projected Ring cycle. "I thought they were crazy, but eventually I said yes." With her voice steadily gaining in strength and fullness of tone, she knew she would have to try the role sooner or later. What more sensible way to tackle it than away from the limelight of London and in one opera at a time over a period of two years? Now she can look back over the experience and see it in proportion, forgetting the agonies along the way-the sheer terror before the first night of Götterdämmerung a year ago ("I thought I was going to have a heart attack: surely the audience must have been able to hear my heart pounding away?") and the nights of recurrent anxiety dreams when she almost convinced herself that she could not do it.

She has no regrets. "There were those who thought I'd ruin my voice"—a salty chuckle intervenes— "but I'm not 22 any more, and I know very well what I'm doing. If at any stage I'd thought there was any danger, I'd never have gone on with it. Even so, the terrible thing is, you don't actually know if you can sing Brünnhilde until you've done it. "But I knew I'd worked hard, and I knew where it all lay in my voice, and that knowledge saw me through the performance at Covent Garden when I was still recovering from 'flu. I got through, but I wish I could have enjoyed it more.'

The Brünnhilde of tradition has a huge or a steely voice—Flagstad or Birgit Nilsson—what the Germans call a hochdramatische soprano. But Anne Evans remains essentially a lyric soprano, albeit one who, as she says, "can sing dramatically". She made the role sound almost easy—there was never any sense of it being a series of fences taken triumphantly and effortfully by a doughty hunter. "You just have to sing as beautifully as you can. Never shout, never resort to what they call 'the Bayreuth bark'. It's quality, not quantity, of sound

that counts, though I've got enough quantity for what I want to do. What people forget is that Wagner writes wonderfully for the voice. If you've got a sympathetic conductor who follows the dynamics in the score, which Richard Armstrong always did, then there's no need for a singer to be drowned or to have to shout."

The danger of making a success of Brünnhilde is that everyone wants you to sing it, and the role takes over the singer's life. But to two essential qualities for an opera singer—boundless reserves of common sense, and an eye for the ridiculous without which it is impossible to survive in the lunatic world of opera-Anne Evans adds a third about which she is almost sheepish. She is not eaten up with ambition: "It can make you so unhappy if you are, and I am only unhappy if I've done something badly." She sings what she wants, when she wants. She has neither sympathy nor patience with the jetset opera circus. She looks forward to assembling the Ring operas in German, in her own time, starting with stage one in Turin next year. She will sing her first Isolde, probably in Glasgow, probably in 1989.

Foreign engagements tend to be accepted if they are in places where fine food and wine are to be had: she unashamedly enjoys the good things in life. Marseilles is considered a very good date indeed, and almost anywhere in Italy will do very nicely, thank you. Holland and Germany come slightly lower down the list. She likes to arrange dates when her journalist husband John Lucas can join her. Otherwise, she enjoys entertaining at home in Islington, where she is happy, contented and relaxed-hence, surely, the assurance of her stage performances.

"I've done better than I ever thought I would at the beginning," she remarks. Someone said, "You must be so excited singing Brünnhilde at Covent Garden," and I said, 'Yes, it's very nice, but for me the exciting thing is singing Brünnhilde anywhere, whether it's Birmingham or Bristol.' It's the most fulfilling thing I've ever done or am likely to do, and to have done it in my vocal lifetime is just terrific."



VAIN MEMORIES OF A CRICKETER

John Fowles recalls old heroes and his own days in the field in this essay reprinted from *Quick Singles* (J. M. Dent £8.95).

have not seriously touched a ball or bat for more than 30 years now, but there was a time when cricket took up a large part of my life, both physically and imaginatively; and in a sense, the latter one, it still does. Something in me still sees novels-and not only my own-as cricket games, and their writing, as having to bowl against some fiendishly good batsmen readers) on a featherbed wicket. Cricket remains for me the game of games, the sans pareil, the great metaphor, the best marriage ever devised of mind and body. None of the other sports we British have given the world—neither soccer nor rugby, nor golf, nor tennis, can begin to touch it. For me it remains the Proust of pastimes, the subtlest and most poetic, the most past-and-present; whose beauty can lie equally in days, in a whole, or in one tiny phrase, a blinding split second.

In many ways I was by chance born into the pink in cricketing terms. My father had been quite a good amateur player in his youth before the First World War, and had seen or even played against, at club level, many of the greats of that period. He claimed to have been present on an occasion when W. G. Grace, having hit a skier towards a safe pair of hands in the deep outfield, bellowed "Innings declared!"; and with a glare at the umpires and an imperious beckon to his partner, started marching off before the ball was even caught. I am sure the story is apocryphal, but then so are most cricket stories, like all novels. I am without any records or Wisden, and would not guarantee any I tell here.

My father's ideal had been Ranji, with a soft spot also for Trumper, among the batsmen. In the present of my childhood it was Frank Woolley. When he came with Kent to play our county side it was always a red-

letter day, especially when the celebrated leg glance was on display. We went to all the local Essex matches, only a few hundred yards from where we lived, at Chalkwell Park at Leigh-on-Sea, or at Victoria Park in Southend nearby. I suppose as a small boy I saw all the great players of the 1930s on those two grounds. "Patsy" Hendren, Verity (the great enigma: how could he bowl such dollies, yet reduce "our" men to such painful, prodding anxiety?), Larwood (especially terrifying on that small Chalkwell Park ground, I seem to recall one bumper of his that went clean over the keeper's head and over the boundary in two enormous bounces), Hammond (a drive that towered over the tall trees on the Leigh Road side, and still the most majestic straight six I have ever seen struck); and many others.

This was far from all. The headmaster of my prep-school, just beyond the Chalkwell ground, was Dennis Wilcox, then captain of the county side, and coach of the school side; and who combined the two in terms of the distinguished cricketers he would coax to our nets (and coax cherished autographs from, also). By the age of 13 I had been given a batting point or two by Hendren and even "faced" the formidable Essex fast bowler, Kenneth Farnes. He would only take one lazy step to the wicket to deliver very gently against us small boys; but he would also usually bowl a few at full run-up and speed to the empty net. I rather suspect that these fearsome demonstrations of reality put more of us off cricket than the reverse.

Then, when I was first allowed to cycle to school, I was put under the wing of an older day-boy, who lived a few doors up from us in our own road. He was already the hero of the school, dazzling at both cricket and soccer, the one person we all dreamt of being. His name was Trevor Bailey.

Later in life I had to face him in a match between our two public schools, Bedford and Dulwich. I managed to keep him out of my wicket, but I suspect that was more out of Trevor's kindness and the memory of many daily journeys together, than through my skill.

I was a bat until I was 14 or 15, but then (through my own foolishness) permanently damaged my eyesight by surreptitiously reading through an attack of scarlet fever. Bedford School had two excellent coaches at that time: a young master and recent Cambridge University fast bowler, Jack Webster, and an old pro, Ben Bellamy. Ben had been the Northamptonshire wicket-keeper, and still kept very sharply in practice games, coaching both batsmen between balls, and the bowlers between overs. They turned me into what was then known as a "swerve" bowler. In the end, when I had quelled every schoolboy's dream and learnt the seamer's art has little to do with sheer speed, I could manage both swings and their respective cutters, although God knows I never mastered them. It always seemed hazard much more than anything else that produced the killing balls. My fortes were said to be "late swerve" and "nip off the wicket", but I never had the least idea what produced them. I'm sorry "swerve" has dropped from cricketing vocabulary: that sudden, almost magical deviation half-way down the trajectory .. they call it late swing now, but "swerve" still expresses it better, to my mind.

I got into the Bedford first XI when I was 16, and captained it in my last year at school. Much was made of my getting several former Test players' wickets during that last season. I can't remember them all now; one was "Gubby" Allen's (he played against us every year, still uncomfortably quick for our batsmen),

and I had the old England captain, R. E. S. Wyatt, twice. But the most memorable came in a charity match, with Learie Constantine (then in the Lancashire League) as the star of the opposition. A considerable audience turned up to watch him; no one else mattered. He had had a difficult and tiring journey to the ground, and it was tacitly agreed we should give him a few easy deliveries to get his eye in. I was bowling when he appeared, and duly delivered a short and wide outswinger, well off the stumps, for him to practise on. The great man shaped up to administer the savage square cut the ball deserved, fatally changed his mind and dabbed at it-straight to the best fielder we had in our team, who was at gully. There was a horrified silence all round the ground, not a single clap. It was like one of the old Bateman cartoons: "The Man Who Dared To...". When we came off the headmaster told me what was already only too apparent: that I was now the most hated young man in Bedfordshire. He condemned me to "buying Mr Constantine all the Guinness he chooses to drink", while waiting for his train after the match. In fact I had an hour alone with him, of far more value to me in human terms than cricket ones. I had some of the thoughtless colour prejudice ubiquitous in public schoolboys in those days; it had been comprehensively destroyed by the end of that hour. I have always supported the West Indies teams since then, even against

I was to have such a scalp only once more in my life, playing for New College, Oxford against E. W. Swanton's XI. "Jim" announced beforehand, not without a hint of warning, that he was bringing a "useful" sailor, then I think a sickberth killick (leading seaman). When the young man duly turned up in his uniform, we were sceptical. When he came to the wicket, I was fielding at mid-off, and I remember seeing him lean gently towards a seemingly good-length ball, clearly not a serious offensive stroke. Almost simultaneously the ball was going through my legs, without my even getting a touch to it. That, and other strokes, soon ended our complacency. I came on to bowl against him myself, and suffered heavily. I knew the only ball that might have him, an inswinger on the leg stump that cut back and took the off, but I could not produce it; anything even faintly off line or length was sent like a bullet to the boundary, and with a maddening ease and lack of effort. This was not a sailor chancing his arm; but a lethal genius, far more killer than killick.

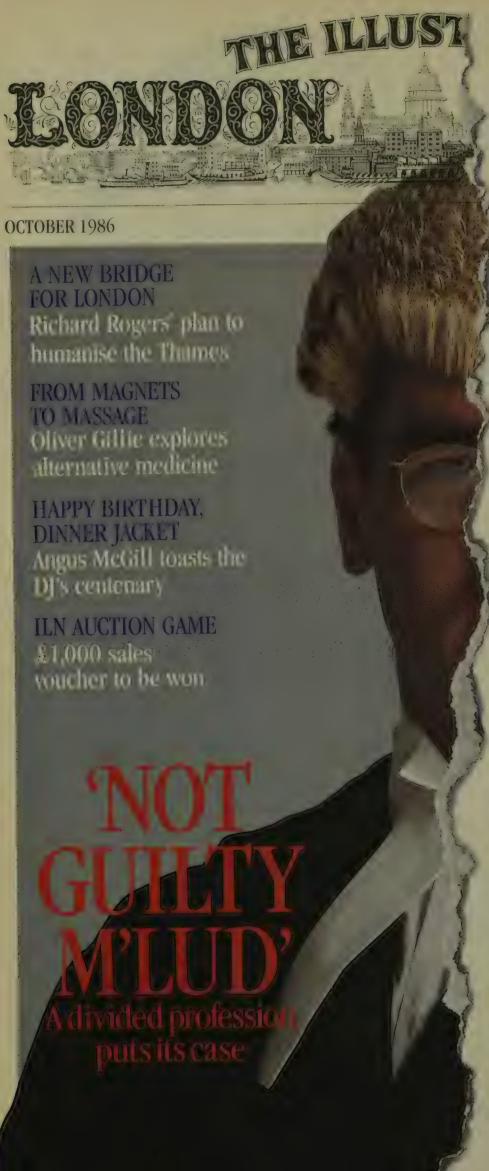
I have never understood why some batsmen have this supreme, almost supernatural sense of timing; many great ones at the highest level, and great scorers also, lack it. Colin Cowdrey had it; so does Gower, at his best. And so did this modest young man from the Navy, better known now as P. B. H. May. I did get him in the end—expensively—with the kind of ball I have mentioned. But my pleasure was somewhat dimmed by Swanton himself, who was batting at the other end. "Wonder you didn't bowl that one overs ago," was his dry comment, as May departed. Ah, well. At least he was supposing in me a gift that I did not have.

The conflict with another side of my nature first became clear at Oxford. I had no notion then I would become a writer, but I was already a keen naturalist and interested in the arts. I was offered University trials, but failed to turn up for them; already I began to sense that "adult' quasi-professional cricket was not for me. I lacked the true skill and, even more, the true concentration. Bowling the very occasional "unplayable" ball is one thing; producing it regularly is very much something else. I still played during vacations for the Southend town club in Essex, which was of high standard with several players hovering on the county fringes, and also for Newton Abbot in Devon, whose cricket was of lower standard but much more fun. Most fun of all was a casual New College cricket team made up of "good" players and enthusiastic rabbits. We had a tie emblazoned with a duck, with as many eggs below as the member had merited. A tour of the Tavistock area in Devon we did in about 1948 was a revelation. Village cricket was remote from the sort I had been playing until then, and its enjoyability, not taking the game very seriously, was delicious.

Perhaps delicious was not always the word. One match we played, against a tiny village on the fringes of Dartmoor, was the very opposite. It was a steeply sloping field, only too evidently normally used as cow pasture. The pitch was rough beyond belief; and to top everything (as we had been warned) the village bad a bowler. I can't remember if he was what he should have been by tradition, the local blacksmith, but he was decidedly quick, by village standards, and on that pitch, totally unplayable. Conversation among those of us nervously waiting to go in was very rapidly confined to one topic only: how to survive, not in cricket terms, but purely physical ones—in other words, how best to get out as soon as possible. I have seen the great West Indian bowlers in full flood, but still rate that match as the single most frightening cricket experience I ever personally had.

By the age of 25 I had given up playing cricket for ever; the completeness with which I did this was as a drug cure. Withdrawal has to be total, if it is to succeed. But total withdrawal from cricket is impossible. Now, if only vicariously, through television, I become duly addicted again each summer. Friends

think I remain disgustingly aloof from the living game. I do not go to Test or county matches, or to those of our local club here in Dorset (whose capital in cricket terms is Taunton); I've never had anything to do with the various publishers' and authors' teams. This is true. I remain aloof from the game in many ways; but emphatically not at heart. Medieval theologians used to dispute how the angels in heaven spent their time, when not balancing on needle points and singing anthems to the Lord. I know. They slump glued to their clouds, glasses at the ready, as the Archangel Michael (that wellknown slasher) and stonewalling St Peter open against the Devil's XI. It could not be Heaven, otherwise



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ONE-DAY SHOPPING GUIDE

Christmas shopping can be fun,
even if you leave it all to the last possible
moment. Nina Grunfeld thrives on
the excitement and challenge of the last-minute
dash. Overleaf, she offers her
comprehensive one-day guide to present-buying
in Knightsbridge and South
Kensington. Wherever you choose to shop,
there are several tried and
tested Golden Rules which, she warns,
you ignore at your peril.

1. DO NOT VENTURE OUT WHEN IT IS RAINING OR SNOWING.

No matter how organized you are, being wet will make you miserable. If it rains on the only day you can shop, head for the Brent Cross Shopping Centre or Harrods—at least they have everything under one roof.

2. DO NOT SHOP AT WEEKENDS OR ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

On Christmas Eve the shops may be empty of people, but they may also be empty of goods. They may even be closed. On Saturdays, of course, shops are crowded. Always try to start early in the morning and stop before the rush hour.

3. DO NOT TRAVEL BY CAR, USE PUBLIC TRANSPORT.

Even if you do find a legal parking place, a car filled with shopping bags is a tempting target for thieves. There is nothing worse than having to shop for everything twice. If you must keep your car with you and are shopping in the Knightsbridge area, leave it at the Motcomb car park in Kinnerton Street, SW1, where some of the profits go to the Royal British Legion. Arrive early.

4. TELEPHONE SHOPS TO CHECK OPENING TIMES.

Most shops are open as late (and as early) as possible before Christmas, but it is worth checking first, especially if going to smaller shops.

5. DO NOT LEAVE HOME WITHOUT A LIST OF WHAT YOU WANT TO GIVE.

There is always someone for whom you just do not know what to buy for Christmas and it's not good enough to persuade yourself you will know it when you see it. Half-anhour of thought before you start will save hours. Write a list of everyone you have to spoil and then think about their likes, needs, foibles, etc. Look at catalogues to inspire you.

6. DO NOT LEAVE HOME BEFORE WORKING OUT YOUR BUDGET.

Imagination counts for more than money. Receiving some seeds from which to grow your own rose bush can be more fun (and challenging) than getting a mature one. Combination gifts are often cheap and cheerful. Give a new razor with a box of plasters rather than with »



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* shaving foam. Depending on your budget, head for the right area. Do not go to Mayfair with £5 in your pocket.

. WEAR COMFORTABLE SHOES.

It may be intimidating to walk into a boutique wearing your mountainclimbing boots, but who cares? If they are comfortable, wear them.

8 AIM FOR AN AREA FILLED WITH DEPARTMENT STORES.

Even if you are not brave enough to venture into a department store before Christmas, it is important to know one is close at hand if you cannot find anything else elsewhere.

9. BE IMAGINATIVE, HEAD FOR SPECIALIST SHOPS.

Most areas have small, little-known shops with select goods. Try them as well as the larger shops-it will be more fun for you, too.

10. AVOID ALL SHOPS THAT CALL THEMSELVES "GIFT SHOPS"

Gift shops are really for those with no imagination. There is nothing more depressing than receiving a present which gives the impression that no thought went into it at all.

11. DO NOT WAIT FOR SHOPS TO GIFT-WRAP YOUR PRESENTS

Unfortunately British shop services are not like the Continent's where gift-wrapping is standard practice, although many shops in this country will do it, if asked. Keep a simple theme for packing and wrapping presents: say, white paper for simple effectiveness, or bright red for a more Christmassy feel.

12. TRY TO GET SHOPS TO DELIVER YOUR PURCHASES.

This will save a lot of arms, shoulders and backs from exhaustion. If shops will not deliver, get a taxi to take your shopping home half-way through your trip. Make a note of the taxi's number and which bags you have given him and ask someone at home to pay the fare.

13. TREAT YOURSELF TO A REST AND A PRESENT.

Christmas is for giving-but do not rely on anyone else to give you what you want. Buy yourself a present and stop every few hours for a cup of tea or a bite to eat. It should be your day, too-spoil yourself.

My special areas for shopping are Knightsbridge and South Kensington. The route illustrated opposite is a treat for window-shoppers as well as for present-buyers.

Sloane Square, SW1
W. H. Smith & Son at number 36 are on the left side of Sloane Square as you leave the Underground station. Smith's are invaluable for records, stationery, popular books and computer software as well as packets of multi-coloured paper clips.

Across the square from the tube station are Peter Jones, where you can buy almost anything. Ideal for middle-of-the-road presents which won't stun but will probably please. It is very reassuring to know that you are not being cheated and that your family will be able to exchange their gifts. Peter Jones will deliver.

Sloane Street, SW1

My favourite shop for Christmas shopping is the General Trading mpany at number 144. Most things in the shop you would happily own yourself, though they veer towards the traditional. Buy an ice-cube tray which makes Christmas-tree-shaped ice cubes (or another for heartshaped ones); a cast-iron sheep doorstop for your "rather be in the country" friend or a Peter Rabbit aundry bag for baby. The GTC will deliver goods, and their Justin de Blank coffee shop is handy for a quick cup of tea and a slice of cake.

Almost next door at number 129 is Presents which was described by its owner as "an ideal shop for those without initiative". I tend to agree. It is full of obvious, occasionally witty gifts, often with risqué innuendoes. Still, it is popular so their stock must

Head north up Sloane Street (take a bus if you feel like resting your legs) to the Knightsbridge end. For stunning contemporary objects try Joseph Pour La Maison at number 16. They have outrageous items like black rubber telephones and more conventionally stylish knick-knacks such as glass vases, chrome bathroom accessories and smart black handbags. The shop is a favourite with architects and designers.

Almost opposite at number 205 are Truslove & Hanson, an extremely good bookshop that has a smart stationery department. Near by are Bendicks Chocolatiers at number 195. Non-dieters should not enter, but others can buy their sweet-toothed friends presents here. However, the restaurant is not worth a visit.

On the corner of Sloane Street and Knightsbridge are Harvey Nichols, one of my favourite department stores. The Princess of Wales has been known to do her Christmas shopping there. It is spacious, elegant and interesting. The jewelry and accessories (both men's and women's) are especially smart and stylish.

If it is time for lunch (or maybe tea), the large and bright Park Room at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge has a wonderful view over Rotten Row in Hyde Park. Lunch is served all day and tea from 3.30 to specialize in hand-painting; anything Brompton Cross, SW3 5.30pm but gentlemen must wear jackets. For those more casually dressed the sofas in the Lounge Bar on the top floor of the Basil Street Hotel might be more relaxing. Tea is served from 4 to 5.30pm and sandwiches and drinks are available all day. If you are on a diet, head for the Health Juice Bar in Harrods' basement where a refreshing and healthy vegetable drink will give you some nothings (e.g. bone china boxes This first stretch of the Fulham Road much-needed energy

Brompton Road, SW1/3

Find your way to Harrods whose 125 departments cover more than 15 acres. Harrods' motto is "Omnia omnibus ubique" (roughly translated as everything for everyone, everywhere) with which many would no doubt agree. I can never face this store at Christmas but if you have a fighting spirit then the toy, food and perfume departments are not to be missed.

Continue southwards down Brompton Road, passing Mothercare at number 145 and then turn left into Beauchamp Place past The Reject China Shop on the corner.

Beauchamp Place, SW3

Hove the atmosphere of Beauchamp Place in winter. The many small shops, each with its own white-lit Christmas tree on a first-floor balcony, are somehow magical.

Janet Reger are at number 2. Once again owned by Reger herself, it is filled with exotic lingerie. Across the road at number 58 are Monty Don, the fashionable husband and wife costume-jewellers. Diamanté glitter and more sombre black bags fill the windows.

Part of the fun (and danger) of Beauchamp Place is zig-zagging backwards and forwards across the road. So cross again to stare in the windows of fashion designers Caroline Charles at number 11. Bruce Oldfield at number 27 (buy something small for their shopping bag alone), and then back over the road to Jasper Conran at number 37. Next door the Luxury Needlepoint shop at number 36 sell tapestry and rug kits and multicoloured wools. Finish by looking in the windows of **Spaghetti** at number 32 which has Matisse-inspired sequinned evening tops. Exhausted but exhilarated then turn right into Walton Street.

Walton Street, SW3

Walton Street is very pleased with itself. A smug little street, its tiny Victorian white stucco houses contain mainly interior designers, secondhand clothes shops and estate agents' offices. Although full of traffic, it is extremely rewarding to stroll down and does have a few good places for presents. The first you will come across is

Dragons at number 19 and 23, which

from hairbrushes to roller-blinds, but

mainly furniture. You can choose

on to toy boxes for her child) or pick

chic gift shop (but see golden rule

No 10). They sell expensive little

inscribed with "Older Men Make

Better Lovers"), good for the unim-

aginative rich and their lovers. There

Monogrammed Linen Shop sell delight-

ful children's sheets and adult's

towels, napkins, dressing gowns-all

Christmas shopping there, but

remember them for Easter.

from any of theirs

number 111.

stamp.

Brompton Cross is the new name for the area whose landmark is the your own design (one mother came Michelin building (where the in with bags of teddies to be copied Brompton and Fulham Roads merge). At 315 Brompton Road on the corner of Draycott Avenue is The At number 25 is Saville Edells Flower House, a stopping-off point for very contemporary. which claim to be London's most dried and cut flowers and plants.

is fun. On the left-hand side as you head away from Knightsbridge are Whittard's at number 111 who sell is also the Eastern Accents gift shop at speciality teas and Night Owls at number 78 where you can buy Farther along at number 168 the exotic bedwear and underwear (slippers, head pillows and G-strings to name but a few). At number 129 is The Watch Gallery, a somewhat pretenpersonalized. You may be too late for tious place but it has a large selection of unusual watches.

Next door at number 133 are At the end of the street you will Oggetti, another sleek but humorous come across The Conran Shop, Terdesign shop. They are one of my ence Conran's original up-market favourites and well worth a visitstore. Buy cookery books, basketeven the most conservative ware, diaries and fabric, all with the members of your family will be flatunmissable, early-ethnic Conran tered you thought of them in this context. Stock includes a Bauhaus Underground station O

chess set the old blue, and white, striped Cornish Blue breakfast china folding sunglasses, a very goodlooking travelling sewing kit and the ever-popular Swiss Army knife. Attached to the shop is The London Lighting Company-mainly Italian and

At number 139 are Divertimenti which sell kitchen equipment for serious cooks-from alphabet cake shapes to Le Creuset cookware. Paperchase at number 167 are for all those gifts you haven't managed to get wrapped. They also sell paper presents, from portfolios to lanterns.

At number 171 are Souleiado, just beyond Laura Ashley, and far more romantic. For all things French Provençal-bags, table-mats, coathangers, duvet covers and umbrellas. Fabrics are sold here, too, both hold and traditional.

The name Butler & Wilson at number 189 has become synonymous with Art Deco jewelry, A lot of it is fake and most of it fun. At the end of a somewhat exhausting day turn back and crawl up Sydney Place, past Onslow Square to South Kensington



Good sports for the snow

David Tennant shows that you do not have to be a downhill skier to enjoy the winter attractions of Seefeld in Austria



It was snowing gently as our horsedrawn sleigh pulled away from the hotel. It was cold, too, and we were grateful for the rugs the elderly mustachioed driver had tucked so carefully around us. The bells on his horse jingled rhythmically as we headed out into the countryside past busy hotels, inns and brilliantly lit shop windows, the carpet of snow beneath gradually thickening and making our passage smoother, quieter and a little slower.

Our destination was the Gasthaus Triendlsage, an archetypal Tyrolean inn with overhanging roof (covered in 3 feet of snow at that time) and wooden balconies, which welcomed us with pungent smells of wholesome cooking, billowing tobacco smoke and large glasses of steaming mulled wine that worked wonders in dispersing the cold.

The place was alive with multilingual chatter, zither music and uninhibited laughter. We ate a hearty supper—the goulash was delicious —drank more wine than perhaps we should have done, listened to the music, danced with enthusiasm in a tiny space, talked to visitors from half a dozen countries and left in a cheerful state for the ride back under a clear star-studded sky.

Such are the delights of après-ski in Seefeld, one of Austria's leading winter-sports centres some 15 miles north-west of Innsbruck, which I visited last February at the height of the skiing season. Although a minor accident many years ago now prevents me from skiing, I still enjoy visiting Continental winter-sports centres in season. There have been occasions, however, when I have felt somewhat left out as a non-participant, but that was not so at Seefeld where around 40 per cent of its winter clientele are non-skiers.

My introduction to the area was quite spectacular. The Dan-Air jet (one of the quiet BAe 146s similar to the Queen's Flight) in which I had flown from Gatwick broke through the clouds at the western end of the Inn valley and descended towards Innsbruck between snow-covered mountains. We swept across the city and landed at its trim little airport where passport and customs clearance were swift. Within an hour of arrival we were installed in the Alpenhotel Lamm right in the heart of Seefeld, and 20 minutes later were

enjoying a cup of hot chocolate and one of those delicious rich cakes so beloved of the Austrians in one of the town's many cafés, watching the skiers returning from the slopes as the late afternoon light began to fade.

Seefeld has a beautiful situation about 4,000 feet above sea level surrounded by the Karwendel mountain range. It is remarkably protected: during my visit most of the Tyrol and next-door Bavaria were subjected to some violent storms while we enjoyed many hours of sunshine. Good highways link Seefeld with Innsbruck and with Germany to the north (the border is only a few kilometres away) and it is on a main railway line between Munich and Innsbruck.

There is little left of the original Alpine village but the new developments, most of which have gone up in the last 25 years, are mainly in traditional Tyrolean styles—and modern adaptations thereof—and on the whole blend well with the landscape. The central area is a pedestrian zone except for taxis which are allowed to the hotels, and the ubiquitous horse sleighs.

Seefeld was the location for many

events in the Winter Olympics of both 1964 and 1976 while last year it hosted the Nordic World Ski Championships. It boasts not only some of Austria's finest ski runs but it also attracts thousands of cross-country skiers: 115 miles of marked tracks are easily reachable from the village.

Perhaps the most outstanding of the sports developments is the Olympia Sports Centre which is of striking modern design. Its sculptured swimming pool is both indoors and out, the water kept at a regular 36°C. In midwinter you can swim under cover one minute, outside with the snow surrounding the pool the next. There is a fine skating rink, just one of several at the resort, and several curling rinks.

Curling is a major winter attraction at Seefeld with both indoor and outdoor rinks. The Alpine version is somewhat different from the Scottish, not least because the curling "stones" are not made of the best granite but of metal covered partly by rubber (or a form of plastic in some cases) and are shaped rather like flat-bottomed naval decanters with a slightly curved handle, consequently mastering the technique

of playing these does take a little time.

Tobogganing on the relatively gentle slopes on the outskirts of the village is another enjoyable sport. As the toboggans are lightweight and easy to carry or trail behind we combined tobogganing with a few kilometres of walking, using the well-marked paths. There is an extensive routework of these all around the resort and it is kept remarkably free of loose snow. Sketch maps are available from the local tourist office.

Most spectacular of our excursions was by funicular to the Rosshüte which, at nearly 5,700 feet, gives a fine panorama over Seefeld and far beyond. Sitting there on the sun terrace at lunchtime watching the skiers weaving intricate patterns in the snow on their way back down to the village was a most enjoyable experience. Behind and above and reached by cable car was the 6,750 foot Seefelder Joch from which there are even grander views.

Après-ski, while both bright and cheerful, is not on the sophisticated

scale of, say, St Moritz and except on the odd gala occasion informality is the keynote. There is a small but rather elegant casino with full gambling facilities and about a dozen hotels provide dancing to live bands or piano-or in the case of the Alpenhotel Lamm where I staved a tuneful "swinging zither". There are also half a dozen discothèques. In the winter evenings many visitors either have a leisurely meal in their hotel, at a restaurant or a country inn-or pass the time happily enough in a wine or beer cellar, a few of which provide music.

It takes barely 40 minutes by train (less by car) to sweep down to Innsbruck. If you go by rail sit on the right-hand side facing the direction of travel and you will be rewarded by some of the finest views of the Inn valley. The Tyrolean capital is one of central Europe's most attractive smaller cities: many of its beautiful buildings are in the Baroque style at its finest. The old city is compact and easily seen on foot even in mid-



winter when the pavements and streets are swept free of snow.

It is equally easy to pop across the frontier by road or rail into Germany and visit some of the resorts in Bavaria such as Mittenwald, famous for its hand-made violins, Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Oberammergau. Border formalities are negligible.

Seefeld's winter season starts just before Christmas and runs through to early April, the peak skiing weeks being in February. At the end of January they hold an Ice Festival when accommodation is at a premium. But I would certainly advise pre-booking at all times. Horse-drawn sleighs are a romantic way of exploring the Alpine countryside.

Travel facts: Dan-Air will operate a twice-weekly service on Saturdays and Sundays from Gatwick to Innsbruck, departing 13.30, arriving 16.30, local times, from December 20. Fares range from £110 return for an advanced purchase flight booked at least two weeks ahead, to £298 for a full economy return.

Seefeld is included in the winter-sports packages of at least a dozen travel companies, mostly using charter flights to Munich from Gatwick, Luton and various regional airports as well as the Dan-Air service. Onward travel is by coach. Some companies also offer rail travel or enable you to take your own car. A week with half-board from London ranges from around £230 to £360, depending on hotel. Full details of all inclusive holidays from travel agents.

The resort operates an efficient tourist information office with English-speaking staff and publications.

Addresses: Austrian National Tourist Office, 30 George Street, London W1R 0AL (629 0461). Tourist Office Seefeld, A-6100, Seefeld, Tyrol, Austria. (010 43 52 12 23 13). Dan-Air, New City Court, 20 St Thomas Street, London SE1 9RJ (378 6464).



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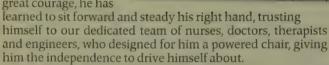
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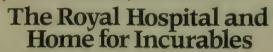
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PATRONS: HM THE QUEEN AND HM THE QUEEN MOTHER

465. All four and possibly one or two other Rogozen phialai may have been Persian presents to Thracian or Macedonian chiefs. Most of the bowls, whether plain or decorated with fluting, were of the deep Achaemenid type. More suitable for drinking than the shallow Greek phialai, they continued

to be produced by Greek silversmiths for the barbarian market. In turn they were copied by Thracian craftsmen, some trained in Greek workshops. Both of these sources are represented in the Rogozen treasure, with local production probably predominating.

478 BC and a Persian presence remained in Aegean Thrace until

The name Kotys, dotted in Greek letters and often associated with a place name, marks 11 bowls and one jug. Such inscriptions, already known on silver vessels found in Thrace, have been thought to indicate gifts made by King Kotys I (387-359 BC) who briefly re-established the disintegrating Odrysian kingdom. However, as Thracian rulers had the reputation of demanding rather than giving presents, it would be more in character for Kotys to have been the recipient during the extensive travels of which he was fond. Although attractive, the theory remains unproven. Kotys was a common Thracian name and given to several later kings. Two other "royal" names, Kersebleptes and Sadokos, also appear. The former could have been Kotys I's son and successor, while Sadokos (or Satokos) was the name of Sitalkes's son, who never reigned, and of a son of

Human heads form the main motif on two bowls. One has eight, separated by palmettes, the other seven, above an inner range of six palmettes. The second, possibly inspired by the first, is clumsier and the spacing irregular. There is a Celtic look to the triangular shape of the faces, also found occasionally on the jugs, but here coupled with the hair curling outwards where it falls against the cheeks.

the late fourth-century king Seuthes.

Thracian art is considered an intermediary through which Achaemenid motifs were transmitted to Celtic artists, but this hair-style seems to be a minor iconographical motif of the Syrian goddess Shepesh, the "Lady of the Sun", that spread east to appear on eighth-century Nimrud ivories and west via Cyprus to Etruria. Thence, certainly not

The Rogozen treasure

Ralph Hoddinott reports on a spectacular Thracian hoard discovered by chance last year in Bulgaria and now on show in the British Museum.

In the summer of 1985 Ivan Dimitrov Savov, a tractor-driver who grew vegetables as a sideline in the village of Rogozen in north-west Bulgaria, was digging an irrigation ditch when he suddenly struck a cache of 65 silver jugs and bowls. In December, his crop safely harvested, he reported his discovery. Archaeologists, headed by Bogdan Nikolov, hastened from Vratsa and, near Savov's find, uncovered a second cache, this time of 100 silver vessels.

This major Thracian treasure, on view at the British Museum from December 4 until March 29, 1987, is, in terms of the number of objects, the largest silver hoard on record. Weighing 20 kilograms, it consists of 108 silver bowls or phialai, 54 jugs and three goblets. Thirty-one of the vessels are partly gilded.

North-west Bulgaria was the home of the Triballi, a Thracian tribe known to the Greeks for their independence and their love of fighting and plunder, who remained outside the fifth and fourth century BC Thracian kingdom of the Odrysai. In 376 they raided as far south as Abdera on the Aegean coast and returned with immense booty. When Philip II of Macedon refused to share the spoils of his victory over the Getai as the price of safe passage, he narrowly escaped death in the fierce battle that followed. With this record many Rogozen vessels could just as well have been loot as locally made, received as gifts or acquired by trade.

The treasure had clearly been assembled for the consumption of wine at the feasts which figured prominently in Thracian life. Some of the vessels were imports, among them a particularly fine Achaemenidtype phiale decorated in repoussé with four pairs of antithetical winged felines, their heads turning backwards and tails curving to enclose gilded palmettes. central omphalos, or boss, is encircled by 14 petals, alternately gilded. Behind these are a range of pointed sepals. Another, a Greek-type phiale mesomphalos, probably from an Ionian workshop, has 10 pairs of blossoms outlined by bars, perhaps originally enclosing coloured fills. Each pair is separated by a deep piriform gadroon. Two similar phialai have been found in Macedonian tombs; one, at Sindos, dated to 510-500 BC, the other, at Kozani, to the first half of the fifth century. The area between the Danube and the Aegean was a Persian satrapy from 513 to





Above left, a fine Achaemenid-type *phiale* which may have been a late-sixth or early-fifth century BC

Persian gift to a Thracian chief. Above right, a partly gilded silver jug depicting Bendis, a legendary Thracian cult priestess adopted in Athens in the fifth century BC, holding a bow and arrow and seated on a lioness.

from Thrace, it may have entered Celtic art.

Two of the three goblets are modelled on Greek skyphoi; the third, concave in profile and one of the few damaged items, has no stylistic affinities with the rest of the hoard. Its execution and motifs-a clawed animal attacking one with hoofs, a unicorn bird holding a fish in its beak and a hare in a huge claw, a unicorn goat or ibex, a stag and a fantastic eight-legged stag from which stems a running frieze of antlers ending in birds' heads-are nevertheless familiar. They appear almost identically on similar goblets and on helmets from a Thracian princely tomb at Agighiol in the Rumanian Dobrudja, Peretu in Muntenia and the Danube itself near the Iron Gates. These objects are likely to be products of a north Danubian Getic workshop. The Rogozen goblet may have been an inter-tribal gift or acquired in a Triballi raid.

The 54 jugs are quite small; the largest stands 19cm high, but most are only 10 to 13cm. All have round everted rims and single handles, only one rising significantly above the rim. They stand on ring bases of varying heights. In general, the shapes follow those found earlier at Boukyovtsi, Loukovit, Rozovets (previously Rahmanli), Grave 2 at Vratsa, Tuzha and Vurbitsa.

Three jugs are plain, except for narrow bands of decoration at the join of the neck and the shoulder and, on two, an additional band encircling the body. They resemble Boukyovtsi, Loukovit and Vurbitsa jugs. Like another, reportedly from Asia Minor and now in Boston, all have been dated to the latter half or last quarter of the fourth century.

Thirty-three of the jugs have various patterns of fluting, in two instances forming complex designs in which palmettes figure prominently. The only earlier find of a fluted jug in Bulgaria was at Vratsa.





Above left, a jug displays antithetically two winged chariots drawn by four winged horses. In this chariot Bendis holds a branch, symbol of fertility.

Above right, a bowl in which acorn motifs alternate with six bulls' heads. Their forelocks curl round a disc to represent the moving sun, a design which unifies Thracian horned animal and solar cults.

Twelve jugs, four partly gilded, are decorated with two overlapping ranges of lotus petals with curling tips, although in three the Thracian craftsman appears to have confused his motif with palmettes. The Rozovets jug, which lacks a ring base, is the only analogous example from Bulgaria. Elsewhere the motif appears on a jug attributed to the early fourth century, also without a ring base but carrying three ranges of petals, from the Pithom hoard (Tell el-Maskhuta, Egypt).

Finally, a group of seven jugs and one phiale carries Greek or Thracian mythological scenes, some in exceptionally high relief. Both the Greek scenes represent Herakles, doubtless acceptable to Thracians because of their own Hero cult. The phiale shows him with the priestess Auge and may be a straight copy of a Greek model by a Greek-trained Thracian, who broke with Thracian rules by depicting his characters naked. Auge is named, but the inscription above Herakles reads "Delade". "Delade" remains a mystery; could it be a Thracian name, offering a complimentary identification with Herakles? On the jug, certainly Thracian work, Herakles, again naked, is attacked by a clothed Amazon with a spear. Bears stand on their hind legs behind the combatants, perhaps indicating the wild Amazonian forests. Horses' heads between the thrice-repeated scene may symbolize Amazon wealth.

Thracian has long been identified as an Indo-European language, but the scenes on the remaining six jugs vividly demonstrate for the first time the strength of Indo-European traditions in Thracian religion, to which—possibly through Scythian influence-Iranian elements had been added. Unlike Greek religion, Thracian cults of the sun and other natural forces were not viewed anthropomorphically. But Thracians could portray their Hero as a mighty ancestral chief of his tribe who had preceded them into the afterlife. Having achieved immortality, the Hero had power to assist his followers both in life and after death.

On one jug two horsemen hunt a boar. Perhaps even more than in Greek mythology this sport of heroes had a religious significance. Another has a double scene of a lion leaping upon a stag, the theme of a clawed animal attacking one with hoofs found on a goblet and also in Scythian art, from where it may have entered Thracian religion to express the dualistic concept of the struggle between good and evil.

During a plague epidemic in the fifth century BC Athens adopted the cult of Thracian Bendis, perhaps a legendary priestess with healing powers. Little evidence has been found of the cult in Thrace, but a Rogozen jug displays on either side of the lion-stag motif a woman holding a bow and arrow and riding a lioness. This may be Bendis. If so, for her to ride on the consort of the king of beasts could demonstrate her status as the female counterpart of the Hero.

On another jug a winged figure holds the forepaws of a dog in either hand. On either side are two winged horses with human heads. Below, four ravening dogs are about to attack a bull. This imagery could almost come from the Rig Veda, with the Hero standing at the threshold of the afterlife, the dogs that both kill and conduct the dead to the future paradise, and the bull symbolizing the death preceding resurrection.

Lastly, there is a jug with a damaged scene which is difficult to interpret. A human head above a griffon occupies a central position beneath a frieze of rams' heads. On either side and below are real and mythical animals which include the bird that held the fish on the goblet, now—as on the Medgidia ceremonial sword hilt—holding a snake.

Since such scenes have been found nowhere else, these jugs and some of the other vessels could come from a Triballi workshop. Silver mines at nearly Chiprovtsi were in use in the Middle Ages and may have been exploited earlier. Silver from the mines of Mount Pangaeus could also have been obtained either by trade or as plunder, as could finished articles—for instance the lotus flower jugs and some of the fluted bowls, from workshops in Amphipolis.

The nature of the burial suggests that the treasure may have been brought to Rogozen in two sacks on a horse or mule and hastily buried. No archaeological context exists, but a likely time is the Celtic invasion of 280-278 BC. Then the Triballi were severely defeated and the aftermath was such that there would have been little chance of recovery. In this event, the Thracian artifacts would be dated between the later fifth and early third century BC.

Silver analyses and other tests are now being carried out in Bulgaria. The results and detailed comparison with silver vessels from adjacent areas could reduce this span, as well as adding immensely to our knowledge of silverwork in a period of which at present little is known O



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MOTORING

A smoother model

Stuart Marshall finds much to look forward to in the new BMW

The new BMW 7-series and its main international rival, the Jaguar XJ-6 range, have a great deal in common. Both are six-cylinder-engined luxury saloons with rear-wheel drive, five-speed manual or four-speed automatic transmissions from the same component suppliers, and similar all-independent suspensions.

In due course—in the case of the BMW next year, the Jaguar not until 1988—both will appear with V12 cylinder engines. Perhaps their greatest shared feature is their striking resemblance to the models they replace.

The inevitable question arises: which is the better car? And the answer cannot be straightforward for it all depends on what buyers who invest between £16,500 and £28,500 (the Jaguars) or £19,850 and £31,750 (the BMWs) expect for their money.

The new Jaguars and their Sovereign and Daimler variants were fully described in the November issue of the *ILN*. They are traditional Jaguars, true descendants of the elegant, high-performing and refined cars that have carried the name for 50 years.

The BMW 7-series has a shorter history. The first to be so named appeared 10 years ago though BMW began producing six-cylinder cars as far back as 1933. In the 1950s it made six-cylinder and eight-cylinder luxury saloons as well as rather nasty "bubble cars", almost going broke in the process.

When the company decided in the early 1980s to produce a successor to the original 7-series, the directors gave the engineers a simple directive—"Develop the best car in its class". Five years later the debut of the new car at the Paris Salon d'Automobile was the result.

Pictures of prototype snatched by long-lensed photographers at test grounds had made them look almost identical to the previous model but in the metal the differences are more apparent. The panels are subtly curved, almost in the Mercedes-Benz 200-300 manner. The front end of the car is lower, though still with a vestigial BMW radiator shell in the centre for instant recognition. Inside it is more spacious than the old 7-series-and a good deal roomier than the new Jaguar-and has a far larger boot. Despite this, the aerodynamics of the BMW are more efficient than the Jaguar's. Its windcheating shape and lighter weight help to give it higher performance and lower fuel consumption.

Two engines are offered in the

BMW. They are 3 litre and 3.5 litre inline sixes producing 197 and 220 horsepower respectively. This compares with 165bhp and 221bhp respectively from the 2.9 litre and 3.6 litre Jaguar engines. Unlike Jaguar, BMW has not resorted to the use of a 24-valve cylinder head for the larger of its two engines. The output is virtually identical although it concedes 100cc cylinder capacity.

The manual gearbox, which only a tiny minority of buyers will choose, has a pleasing change and a light clutch. The four-speed automatic is one of the best in the world. It gives the driver the choice of economy and performance ranges or full manual selection. So effective is the transmission, with its mechanical lock-up to avoid wasteful slip in the torque converter, that the fuel consumption of manual or automatic versions is just about the same. The figures suggest a 3 litre or 3.5 litre will give a hard driver about 20mpg, a gentler one as much as 25-27mpg on a journey

Short of driving both Jaguar and BMW over the same roads it is impossible to make direct comparisons of their silence and refinement. I drove the Jaguar in Scotland, the BMW some weeks later in southern France. Realistically, all I can say of the BMW is that for freedom from road-induced noise, the gap between its predecessor and the Jaguar XJ-6 has been substantially narrowed. Interior sound levels of the BMW are among the lowest of any car now in production.

The BMWs are so quiet mechanically one becomes aware of the engines only when they are allowed to exceed 4,000 revolutions a minute—equal to about 100mph on an autobahn—or during full-throttle acceleration at lower speeds.

The ride quality of the BMW 7series is on a par with that of the Jaguar, and I prefer the weighting of its power-assisted steering, which provides a greater feel of the road. BMW, previously renowned for its preference for top-quality plastic mouldings for the fascia and interior fitments, pays Jaguar a considerable tribute by using decorative wood veneer for the first time.

Despite its understated exterior, the BMW 7-series scores a number of world firsts in technology, especially in electronics. If one circuit fails, another is automatically selected. Minor faults that develop but which do not immediately affect the car's operation are stored in an electronic memory. When the BMW is serviced, a diagnostic tester will read out the faults and display them on a screen.

Should anything happen that requires immediate attention like low oil pressure, the boot lid left open or lack of brake fluid, a warning is flashed in front of the driver. Less important defects are shown on the screen for two minutes after the ignition has been switched off.

Speed-related systems prevent the wipers from lifting off the screen at 100mph and over, and the faster one drives, the shorter the interval between intermittent wipes. Shockabsorbing bumpers, hydraulically mounted, are unmarked by 4mph knocks and minimize body damage in impacts up to 10mph. A unique headlamp design uses prisms to concentrate light rays and is said to be 30 per cent more powerful than conventional types yet to minimize dazzle by its sharp cut-off. Air conditioning, standard on the dearer SE (special equipment) models, strikes a new note by allowing driver and front passenger to choose their own required temperatures.

The first BMW 7-series cars to reach Britain next month will be the 735i and 735iSE, priced from &24,850 to &31,750. The 3 litre versions follow in the spring, priced between &19,850 and &23,100, and the V12 is promised for the end of 1987



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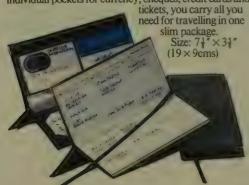
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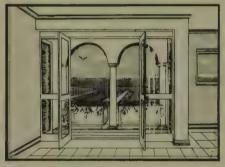
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REVIEWS

CINEMA

Fellini's Fred and Ginger

BY GEORGE PERRY

Federico Fellini, with *Ginger e Fred*, has taken us back to the circus, his constant metaphor for the pride, foolishness and pity of the human condition. But for Fellini in the 1980s the sawdust ring has become the television arena, and his familiar parade of grotesques, the turns in an absurd variety show, a desperate and grandiose attempt to grab the audience in the overheated milieu of deregulated Italian television.

It is almost vintage Fellini, a satisfying blend of affectionate nostalgia and pointed satire, with two of his greatest stars, both now in their 60s, in a partnership of touching charm and delight. Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni are a former night-club act reunited for the dreadful show, taking their place on a bill that includes a troupe of flamenco-dancing dwarfs, a levitating priest, a senile admiral, a cow with 18 udders and a handcuffed *mafioso* convict who was formerly a singing star.

Decades earlier the faded couple played by Masina and Mastroianni had toured the cabaret circuit with a gentle, elegant routine, billed as "Ginger e Fred", dancing in evening clothes to the tunes of their immaculate prototypes. As times changed and eclipsed their style of entertainment, each had gone off separately to marriage and retirement.

But the call has come for them to reunite on the television show, under the gaze of a leering, sequinned master of ceremonies and a bemused studio audience, and once again to perform their routine, as though opening a window on the past. In spite of stiff muscles, stage fright and a power failure in the middle of their number, they get through it and part afresh, two senior citizens in a world dominated by television in which they have become anachronisms.

There may not be much to the story, but Fellini constantly enriches the film with deft surprises. Giulietta



Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina as Ginger and Fred.

Masina, the director's wife for 43 years, has not appeared on the screen since 1969, and her presence is a revelation. A hint of the wideeyed waif of. La Strada and The Nights of Cabiria still flashes from the face of a little old lady, secure in her charm and dignity when plunged into the company of freaks, transvestites and charlatans. Marcello Mastroianni has also aged. The hair has thinned and the jowls grown puffy, and as he agonizingly breaks into an arthritic tap dance we pray that he will make it. It is a wonderful performance, modulated with the skill of an actor in total control. And it is Fellini's most welcome film for years.

The Australian film Crocodile Dundee, a first feature directed by Peter Faiman, remarkably seized the top of the chart position at the American box office and stayed there for weeks. Americans have never previously cared much for the Australian cinema. The reason they like this film is Paul Hogan, as famous there for his "Come to Australia" commercials as he is in Britain for Foster's lager. In his film début he plays an outback dweller in the Northern Territory, a legendary animal tracker who is said after a tussle with a crocodile to have spent a week crawling back to town with half a leg missing, past the hospital and straight into the pub. Exaggerated, of course, but not by much.

A go-getting girl reporter from

New York (another début, by Linda Kozlowski) unearths him, and entranced by his directness and simplicity urges him to return with her to New York, where her newspaper, locked as ever in a circulation battle, intends to exploit his presence.

He sleeps on a bedroll on the floor of his luxury hotel room, and strings his rinsed-out socks across the room. He puzzles city blacks by politely asking, without a hint of racism but merely in the spirit of friendly inquiry, which tribe they are from. Fifth Avenue to a man who has never been in a place with more than 40 people before is a daunting sight, and the task of saying "G'day" to every passing pedestrian is as impossible as crossing the street. Michael "Crocodile" Dundee has a knack of making friends with everyone he encounters: chauffeurs, cops, taxi drivers, whores, transvestites and even muggers fall under his spell. He treats the big city in exactly the same way as his wilderness back home, as a wonderland full of predatory dangers, a place to be enjoyed without slackening the wary eye.

His elevation by the literati to a rustic guru is reminiscent of that of Peter Sellers in Hal Ashby's *Being There*, but the Crocodile is nobody's fool. He is a shrewd, hard-headed observer, blessed with a degree of objectivity denied those who have lived their lives within the same social framework. Paul Hogan,

scrawny of neck, leathery of skin, is not playing the ignorant, beer-swilling ocker of the commercials, but a complete man, the embodiment of the mythical Australian folk hero, the man from the bush, supreme in his wisdom and hunting skill. He is a winner all the way.

THEATRE

Money matters at the National

BY J. C. TREWIN

Certainly *Tons of Money* is a pleasant title for a National Theatre production at the end of the 10th South Bank year. Money is inevitably an urgent matter, though it is treated rather less seriously in this 1922 farce by Will Evans and the writer who called himself Valentine (Valentine Pechey) than we imagine it is in the council chamber of the National.

Having always been more concerned with the plays as performed than the agonies and arguments that should be lost behind them, I remember the past decade with general pleasure. Intermittent failures, of course, but what theatre has been without them? If I have a wish, it is for revivals from areas and dramatists so far barely skimmed: room for, say, Henry Arthur Jones's comedy *The Liars* (1897)—has anyone read it recently?—or Capek's *R.U.R.*

Few could have expected Tons of Money, first of the "Aldwych" farces (though it was done originally at the old Shaftesbury before transference). We think of the Aldwych in terms of Ben Travers, and this earlier farce, by a Drury Lane comedian and a lyric-writer and novelist, is rougher and readier in approach. That is not to say that, once the exposition is over, it cannot be funny: Alan Ayckbourn has doctored it besides directing it swiftly. Among seven farces in the current London theatre, it is not the least. True, one must know how to accept the medium; I recall a man who would say discouragingly to a farce-dramatist, "Do you really mean that?" To ask this is fatal. You have at once to accept that the writer means it, and if what he means does seem odd, it is not for you to reason why, so long as laughter accompanies the plot. In effect, we must all hope to be joint-authors of a farce.

Clearly, Evans and Valentine—and now Ayckbourn with his reviser's craft—had faith when they put together so complicated a narrative. I am quite prepared to believe that, in order to benefit from a will, a dim-witted silly ass-Simon Cadell appears as a Ralph Lynn type, with monocle of the period-is prepared to feign death twice. Naturally, affairs get out of hand, especially by the third act when the householdwhich then includes an imaginative wife, her swooning friend, a deaf aunt, a dubious butler, an eccentric parlourmaid and a wandering gardener-is augmented by a pair of bearded personages, each apparently the same man. And the owner of the house? He turns up, for no reason, as a monk.

Ayckbourn begins his production in an overblown notion of the early 1920s to which we get quickly accustomed; exaggeration becomes normal. I think it might have helped to keep the wife Louise (Polly Adams) as a Frenchwoman: originally this was because of Yvonne Arnaud, who created the part. One more decoration would not trouble us, and the long-famous line, "Aubrey, I've got an idea!" could be funnier with a French accent.

The National revival proves that the play can sustain its spirits fairly well when it is fortified by a cast that refuses to let its pleasure lag. At the première there was a laugh before a word had been spoken, thanks to the arrival of Michael Gambon as Sprules, the kind of outrageous butler for whom undemanding domestic service in a semi-demented Thames Valley household during high summer is the perfect way of life. He is matched by Diane Bull, the parlourmaid who one day may be Mrs Sprules.

Other players move loyally, according to plan, through the wild reaches of the plot and various textual layers that have accumulated over the years. Thus Barbara Hicks, as the deaf Aunt Benita, keeps watch down the night like a knitting-woman of the Terror turned to farce ("Louise! Where's that monk?"). What of the "tons of money"? Alas—but in the right tradition—it shrivels from riches to one pound-something. No surprise whatever.

Cold comfort from the Snow Queens

BY URSULA ROBERTSHAW

With the vast field of world literature open as a source of inspiration, it is odd that the Royal Ballet and Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet should both recently have acquired interpretations of the same Hans Andersen story, *The Ice Maiden*, for their

repertories. In both ballets, a boy is marked as her own by a fairy's kiss and is claimed by her years later on the eve of his wedding.

The fault, if fault it be, must lie with David Bintley, whose three-act ballet *The Snow Queen* for SWRB followed MacMillan's *Le Baiser de la Fée*, a revised form of which has rejoined the Royal's repertory. Comparisons are inevitable.

MacMillan's work, first created by him in 1960, has a score by Stravinsky, based on music by Tchaikovsky. The reworked choreography, much of which is beautiful and expressive, includes ravishing groupings and fine pas de deux.

In early performances Fiona Chadwick as the Fairy and Maria Almeida as the Fiancée, while technically secure, lacked the dramatic authority to bring the piece to vivid life. The Fairy must be at once baleful and irresistible, a malign and implacable spirit, a far cry from that other wrecker of nuptials, La Sylphide. The Fiancée, while sweetly loving, must also have the capacity to give the character tragic depth.

A weakness of this new version is Martin Sutherland's designs, which include a village with awful mudcoloured cottages, lacking both charm and perspective and inhabited by villagers who seem to have drifted in from an Ivor Novello musical comedy. The mill, site of the betrothal festivities, looks like a vast

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Bintley, in extending the same story to last through a full evening, has overstretched his material. The music, arrangements by Bramwell Tovey of pieces by Mussorgsky, is attractive but not particularly dramatic; it, as well as the choreography, has its longueurs.

The ballet has a prologue, showing the splintering of the evil mirror and introducing the White Dwarf, (Graham Lustig), who, attended at times by three wolves, cavorts and capers throughout the evening rather as jesters used to in Russian productions; the first encounter between the Snow Queen and the boy-one of the most attractive passages in the ballet—takes place at an end-of-winter carnival which owes far too much to Petrouchka; the betrothal scene is festooned by jolly character dances, but they go on for too long; while the last act, set in the icy palaces of the far north, seems to last for ever.

Samira Saidi, promoted to soloist only last year, danced the Fairy with cold efficiency and Leanne Benjamin was the Fiancée; but there was insufficient characterization built into their dances to point up the contrasts between good and evil, life and death.

One can appreciate SWRB's desire to have a new three-act story ballet in its repertory, for such works are favourites with audiences. But *The Snow Queen* stands ill in comparision with MacMillan's one-acter—except for Terry Bartlett's excellent designs, which are vastly superior.

OPERA

The blending of Cav and Pag

BY MARGARET DAVIES

For nearly a century Mascagni's Cavalleria rusticana and Leoncavallo's Pagliacci have propped each other up as the two halves of a neat double bill, sharing a southern Italian background and a powerful theme of betrayed love and violent revenge. Now the new English National Opera production has fused them into a single entity by using the same set for the two works and by mingling Leoncavallo's strolling players with Masagni's Easter morning crowd and bringing the survivors of that day's tragic events back to join the audience for the play which forms the climax of Pagliacci.

It is an ingenious ploy but I suspect the producer, Ian Judge, of making a virtue out of necessity. Full marks to him and to his designer Gerard Howland for the economy of the single set, but the merging of the two groups of characters begins to pose awkward questions when we



Samira Saidi dances *The Snow Queen*. The Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet production has choreography by David Bintley and striking designs by Terry Bartlett.

have the actors rehearsing a dumb show during Mascagni's Intermezzo, and Santuzza and Mamma Lucia attending a play on the morrow of Turiddu's death—Mr Judge having specified that *Pagliacci* takes place on Easter Monday.

Even more incongruous, particularly in the case of Mascagni's opera, is the transfer of the action from the sun-drenched villages of the south, where passions flare and problems of honour are settled by mortal combat, to a grey northern town in the 1920s dominated by its mine workings and the railway rather than by the Roman Catholic church. In this setting Alfio becomes the local leader of the mob, with a fashionably dressed wife and two henchmen who carry out the killing of Turiddu for him. *Pagliacci*

is less affected by the change of time or place, its compact world being rent asunder in the artificial confines of the makeshift theatre which is erected in the town square.

Ultimately, of course, it is the music which brings the production to life and the conductor, Jacques Delacôte, does a convincing job, drawing highly charged atmospheric playing from the ENO orchestra.

Cavalleria rusticana is dominated by Jane Eaglen's tightly contained portrayal of Santuzza—unbecomingly dressed, bespectacled and with frizzy hair—her strongly projected singing conveys passion which finally spills over in the betrayal of Turiddu to Alfio. The two men are interestingly contrasted: Turiddu (Edmund Barham) feckless

and clumsy, Alfio (Malcolm Rivers) a man of purpose without mercy, both creditably sung. Fiona Kimm is the rich-voiced, heavily seductive Lola.

In *Pagliacci* Helen Field (in a magnificent crimson velvet dress) gives a finely drawn and sensitively sung performance as Nedda; Rowland Sidwell as Canio, her actor-manager husband complete with fur-collared overcoat, sang rather tentatively on the first night but will no doubt grow into the part. Nicholas Folwell is an effective Tonio and Bonaventura Bottone makes much of Peppe.

Golden age of Scottish painting

BY EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

Painting in Scotland, at the Tate Gallery, is an excellent exhibition—full of paradoxes. It reveals that there were indeed elements of a Scottish style in the 18th and early 19th centuries, as opposed to a British or purely English one. As a portraitist, Allan Ramsay is closer to his French contemporaries, such as Tocqué, than to Gainsborough. Sir Henry Raeburn does have qualities in common with Lawrence but he is a more forthright, less slippery artist. Both Ramsay and Raeburn are direct and unaffected in their portrayal of character.

One would, however, expect Scottish painters to excel in landscape rather than portraiture, but this is not the case. Scotland never produced anyone like Turner. Nor, for that matter, did it breed the equivalents of Constable, Cox or Crome. Alexander Nasmyth, generously represented here, strikes me as dull, except in his views of Edinburgh.

The Scottish innovators lie at opposite ends of the scale of genres. One is Gavin Hamilton, long resident in Rome, whose classical compositions anticipate the revolution wrought by Jacques-Louis David (who was certainly influenced by Hamilton's work). Hamilton's *Priam pleading with Achilles for the Body of Hector* is fully neo-classical. No French artist was capable of anything so stringent at this early date.

The other great original is the genre-painter Sir David Wilkie, who in his early works revived the style of Ostade and Teniers for his own generation, and who then went on to pioneer the fashion for Near-Eastern subjects. Wilkie surpasses nearly all the Victorian painters of everyday life who followed in his footsteps—he makes Frith look awkward and amateurish. The drawings included here are vivid proof of his skill.



Jane Eaglen as the ill-used Santuzza in Cavalleria rusticana, with the looming figures of Alfio's two henchmen behind her.

Tragedy of a public figure

BY ROBERT BLAKE

Anthony Eden

by Robert Rhodes James Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £16.95

Anthony Eden had a tortured and tragic life behind a career of high achievement which ended sadly in one of the great fiascos of British history. Robert Rhodes James brings out the positive side along with the difficulties-emotional, financial, physical and hereditary—which plagued Eden until he ceased to be Prime Minister, indeed even longer. The author deserves high praise; he is sympathetic but not uncritical, kindly as well as realistic. If he is sometimes a shade too polemical, it is because in dealing with Eden's critics he has a lot to be polemical

It is extraordinary how much dislike a man of Eden's high intelligence and public spirit could inspire in some quarters, even long after his death, for example the anonymous vulgarian who described him in a review of this book in The Economist (October 11-17) as one of "yester-day's nicer upper-class twits". Eden was certainly not nasty and he was indisputably upper class but those who mistook his good looks, impeccable clothes and Etonian voice as the outward and visible signs of a lightweight figure from the works of P. G. Wodehouse or Noël Coward could not have been more wrong. Eden was a hard-working, very able and very serious political figure. No

one becomes Prime Minister for nothing. It was Eden's tragedy that his premiership was the least successful part of his career.

There is much in the book that has not appeared before. Eden's youth was anything but happy. His ostensible father Sir William was half-mad, but his paternity is not certain. He may have been the son of George Wyndham, a brilliant figure of the day, one of the "Souls"—rich, romantic and full of unrealized political promise. In the aristocratic world of the time, the eldest son was usually his father's but after that it was often anyone's guess. Eden did not count promiscuity against his mother. What he, and the whole family who came to hate her, deplored was her wild extravagance, her heartlessness and duplicity. She effectively ruined Windleston, the Eden home in Co Durham, now a desolate institution.

Mr James, who has had access to Eden's diaries and family papers, naturally uses them with discretion, but he reveals many aspects of Eden's private life; his tragic losses in the 1914-18 war of his eldest brother Jack and his youngest Nicholas to whom he was devoted; the fearful family rows about the inheritance; the vicissitudes of his marriage with Beatrice Beckett, daughter of Sir Gervaise, owner of the Yorkshire Post, culminating after many infidelities on both sides in him divorcing her in 1950 (there is some tricky

ground here, over which he treads delicately and diplomatically); the perpetual financial worries; the last and worst personal loss of all, the death in 1945 of his eldest son Simon whom he adored; the slip of the unnamed surgeon who botched his bile duct operation and by his incompetence altered the course of history.

A quarter of the book is devoted to the Suez crisis. It was the most controversial episode in Eden's life, and the only accounts of it from British as opposed to French and Israeli sources have been conspicuous for *suppressio veri* including the memoirs of Eden himself, of Macmillan and Selwyn Lloyd; the latter lifts the curtain to some extent, but is deliberately misleading on at least one crucial point—collusion with Israel which has always been officially denied.

Mr James, by publishing for the first time the so-called "Treaty of Sèvres", gives the lie to Selwyn Lloyd's claim that he never asked Israel to take action but merely stated what Britain would do if the Israelis attacked Egypt. The "treaty" was put in writing, to Eden's horror, and duly signed. The only British copy was removed from the Foreign Office to 10 Downing Street on the Prime Minister's orders. It has now vanished. The French and the Israelis kept theirs. Mr James does not-why should he?-tell us his own source. The document leaves no doubt that Britain urged the Israelis to do what they did and entered into a very precise agreement about British action.

The author also reveals to an extent hitherto unknown the division within Washington. Dulles, believed to be Eisenhower's lynch pin, was ambivalent and obscure but Eisenhower, who controlled foreign policy, was totally opposed to the Suez expedition. Presidents are not constitutional monarchs. decide. Eisenhower can be criticized for not making the position clear and Eden for not perceiving the reality. The book throws much light on the behaviour of Harold Macmillan and Rab Butler. Contrary to general belief Eden would have preferred Butler to succeed him. Macmillan's behaviour over Suez- "first in, first out"-will be a problem for his biographer. The person who comes worst out of the affair is Mountbatten, who was First Sea Lord. He suppressed his own views and lied on a heroic scale later.

Eden's health recovered. His second marriage, to Clarissa Churchill, was very happy. His memoirs produced more than enough to remove his financial worries. He lived to be nearly 80. If Suez caused nagging doubts, he could reflect on a career of great success as the longest-serving Foreign Secretary since Sir Edward Grey. My only criticism of the book is that even more could have been said about that.

RECENT FICTION

Amis's old farts' tale

BY HARRIET WAUGH

The Old Devils

by Kingsley Amis Hutchinson, £9.95

Gabriel's Lament

by Paul Bailey

Jonathan Cape, £9.95

There is no justice in the world: *The Old Devils* by Kingsley Amis wins the Booker Prize while *Stanley and the Women*, his wildly funny novel of 1984, did not even get on to the short list. Such is the arbitrariness of fashion or perhaps it is simply the waywardness of the personalities on the judging panels that accounts for it. It is possible, though, that when

panellists get together humour flies out the window. Is there a resonating seriousness and theme to justify having a joke, they ask? It has to be admitted that The Old Devils passes that test. The humour is leavened by just such a seriousness while the theme is about how it feels to be a disappointed old fart-there is, in fact, quite a lot of farting-embarking on that final debilitating downward slope to hellish death. The seriousness lies in the unexpected humanity with which Kingsley Amis deals with his sad and venal characters. The jokes are there-mostly at the expense of Wales-but those that make them do so in the knowledge that they are whistling in the wind to keep their spirits up.

There are four old farts whose lack-lustre lives the novel explores. Charlie is a gentle alcoholic who is spooked by cloth-faced men in the dark. Malcolm is a good, dreamy man whose boring pursuit it is to translate early Welsh poetry into English between bouts of worry about constipation. Peter has betrayed the

right woman, Rhiannon, in his youth and married Muriel, the wrong one. He leads a life of secret domestic misery and his huge, unhealthy fatness is the outward symptom of that unhappiness. The three men meet every day at 11am at a gloomy pub called the Bible where they drink and beguile the day in entertaining diatribes against modern Welsh behaviour. Meanwhile their wives and their wives' women friends become more genteelly flushed and paralytic on Riesling in one or other of their homes.

The novel opens with Malcolm receiving a letter from Alum Weaver. Alum, who completes the quorum, was the local clever boy who left home and made good as a professional Welsh intellectual on British television. Alum says that he and his wife Rhiannon (Peter's former girlfriend) are returning to South Wales to retire. None of his friends or their wives greet the prospect of Alum's return with much joy. The first indication of what is to follow is given in Alum's greeting of

Peter whom he wishes to reassure. 'Alum raised his glass high, Charlie waved, Peter nodded. They converged. Alum shook Peter's hand not too hard, smiling not too broadly, trying to get it right. The difficulty was, he recognized, that he had grown so used to transmitting amiability, benevolence and all those for unreal that this confrontation rather stretched him. His will was of the best: he had a rooted and sincere aversion to any trouble not of his own making." The payoff is in the last sentence. Alum is trouble. Also his wish to be the grand old man of Welsh letters is in conflict with his acknowledgement that the Welsh cultural industry is a load of old rubbish. Added to this, his appetite for betrayal and his sexual incontinency cause havoc among his friends and their wives. The only thing that can be said in his favour is that he jiggles them up and revives emotions that have all but decayed away in the daily grind of getting by. It should be added that he is lovely to read about. Rhiannon, Alum's wife, also causes emotions to rise but of a more wistful kind. She represents the hope of unfulfilled love.

The Old Devils is a far denser novel than Kingsley Amis usually writes. The polarization of the sexes is as much in evidence but shown in a kindlier manner. The characters. warts and all, are engaging. My only criticism is the almost happy ending in which spoilt love is given a second chance. That I thought unconvincing. I am glad the Booker committee chose The Old Devils: they deserve every penny of the drinking money!

Gabriel's Lament, by Paul Bailey, which was one of the runners-up for the Booker. Prize, is about an emotionally maimed man, Gabriel Harvey. The novel starts with the deathbed scene of his unloved father, Oswald. Oswald is the central character and gives the novel its vitality. The most engrossing part of the story is Gabriel's childhood and if Paul Bailey had succeeded in delivering equal power and emotional intensity to Gabriel's subsequent life it would have been a marvellous rather than a good novel.

Gabriel's childhood takes place after the Second World War. His parents are poor. His mother Amy goes out to a secret job every day while his father, who is 30 years her senior, does nothing. Gabriel is a charity scholar at a small independent school. Their lives, as far as Gabriel is concerned, are idvllic. His father is a rumbustious companion who entertains him with improbable anecdotes. This aspect of Oswald's character turns into something less nice when he unexpectedly comes into money. He becomes Mr Big and swaggers and bullies those whom he now considers his inferiors. The family moves to a villa called Blenheim and Gabriel and Amy miss their old friends. Then one day Gabriel's mother is gone. There is no warning. She kisses Gabriel with no greater warmth than usual but when he returns from school Oswald tells him that Amy has gone on a holiday but left them a fish pie for their supper. Gabriel never sees his mother again.

His father reports her movements but is he lying? Gabriel starts wetting his bed and his father's anger rises to meet his son's need for his mother. Although the reader never comes to hate Oswald as his son does, because he is such an extraordinary fellow, this part of the novel is moving and terrible. However when Gabriel limps into adulthood the novel loses some of its strength. Quaint characters in boarding houses do not compensate for those of his childhood. I felt that a shorter, tighter and more claustrophobic book was trying to get out. Gabriel continues to live in his childhood but the outside stuff is mere decoration. His weak fantasies about his mother do not quite reach across his personal abyss to the reader, although Paul Bailey does produce some nice twists. The solution to Amy's absence is terrific.

TOP CHOICE

The Mystery of Mallory and Irvine by Tom Holzel and Audrey Salkeld

Jonathan Cape, £12.50
When Mallory and Irvine vanished just below the summit of Everest in 1924 many of those most closely associated with them, including colleagues that they might have reached the top. Gradually, as other better-equipped teams failed in their attempts, the consensus in the Alpine Club turned against that view, and most people now assume that Mallory and Irvine fell to their deaths before they got to the summit, rather than on their way back. Tom Holzel and Audrey Salkeld have set out to challenge this, and though they have not yet found convincing evidence to support their case, this book, which vividly describes the pioneering attempts of Mallory and his companions to conquer Everest, with little more than courage in support, has an enthralling story to tell, and offers in addition the intriguing prospect that a mystery of more than six decades may soon be resolved.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

The Dictionary of National Biography 1971-80

Edited by Lord Blake and C. S. Nicholls Oxford University Press, £60

The decade of the 1970s brought its inevitable crop of distinguished British deaths, though whether there were precisely 748 of them, as this volume of The Dictionary of National Biography concludes, cannot fairly be judged because the editors wisely refrain from telling us who they have consigned to oblivion. Those whose reputations have survived the DNB's post-mortem are dealt with quite respectfully. They certainly make an interesting collection, including Sir Anthony Eden and Sir Oswald Mosley, Archbishop Makarios and Presidents Jomo Kenyatta and Kwame Nkrumah, W. H. Auden, Agatha Christie and P. G. Wodehouse, Charlie Chaplin and one king of very little reign, Edward VIII.

The Best Buildings of England

by Nikolaus Pevsner Viking, £14.95

This is an anthology of some of the late Sir Nikolaus Pevsner's wittiest and most readable comments on English architecture, drawn from the 46 volumes of his great series The Buildings of England. The editors, Bridget Cherry and John Newman, have chosen well: there is not a dull passage in the book, and there can be no more stimulating introduction to the delights of English buildings.

JAMES BISHOP

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

1 (-) **The Old Devils** by Kingsley Amis Hutchinson, £9.95

This year's Booker Prize winner.

2 (-) **Bolt** by Dick Francis

Michael Joseph, £9.95

A somewhat muddled plot prevents it from being vintage Francis.

3 (-) Perfume by Patrick Süskind

Hamish Hamilton, £9.95

A sniff, scent, sizzling smell of a novel!

4 (-) A Matter of Honour by Jeffrey

Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95

Could do (and has done) better.

5 (1) It by Stephen King

Hodder & Stoughton, £12.95

Another nasty by a master of the genre.

6 (3) A Taste for Death by P. D. James Faber & Faber, £9.95

Relentless investigation by poet-detective.

7 (2) A Misalliance by Anita Brookner Jonathan Cape, £9.50

Again deals brilliantly with a lonely woman.

8 (9) The Pianoplayers by Anthony Burgess

Hutchinson, £8.95

A minor work from a major writer.

9 (-) The Free Frenchman by Piers Paul Read

Secker & Warburg, £10.95

Huge, readable tome about two French families and traumas of the Second World War.

10 (-) Hollywood Husbands by Jackie Collins

Heinemann, £9.95

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

1 (-) In Private, in Public: the Prince and Princess of Wales by Alastair Burnet Michael O'Mara, £8.95

2 (-) Back Cloth by Dirk Bogarde

Viking, £12.95

Not as good as his earlier volumes of autobiography.

3 (-) His Way: the Unauthorised Biography of Frank Sinatra by Kitty Kelley Bantam Press, £12.95

Claims to be full of startling revelations.

4 (-) The Story of English by Robert McCrum, William Cran and Robert MacNeil BBC/Faber & Faber, £14.95

5 (-) Ari by Peter Evans

Ionathan Cape, £12.95

Biography of Aristotle Onassis.

6 (-) Going Solo by Roald Dahl

Jonathan Cape, £7.95

Unexpectedly relaxed account of the wartime career of most children's favourite author.

7 (-) The Ultimate Alphabet by Mike Wilks

Pavilion, £9.95

The book includes a chance to win £10,000 if you identify all the words in the pictures.

8 (2) The Pebbled Shore by Elizabeth Longford

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £14.95

Gentle, intriguing autobiography.

9 (-) The Enemies Within by Ian MacGregor

Collins, £15

As good as a novel, according to those in the know.

10 (-) The Road to Victory by Martin Gilbert

Heinemann, £25

Churchill resplendent.

1 (4) Paradise Postponed by John Mortimer

Penguin, £3.50

A delightfully witty and old-fashioned novel.

2 (1) Lucky by Jackie Collins

Pan, £3.50

The sequel to Chances.

3 (-) Harold by Catherine Cookson

Corgi, £2.50

Another bullseye from a master storyteller.

4 (5) The Color Purple by Alice Walker Women's Press, £3.95

Award-winning novel of the Deep South.

5 (7) Lily, my Lovely by Lena Kennedy Futura, £2.95

Another read about her cockney world.

6 (3) Family and Friends by Anita Brookner

Grafton Books, £2.50

7 (-) Footfall by Larry Niven

Sphere, £3.95

The world attacked by enemies from space.

8 (-) The Good Terrorist by Doris Lessing Grafton, £2.75

Brilliant and unexpected novel about amateurish terrorists in London.

9 (-) Cover Story by Colin Forbes Pan £2.95

Exciting thriller set in Finland.

10 (-) The Good Apprentice by Iris Murdoch

Penguin, £3.95

Complicated philosophical novel.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

1 (-) **Goddess** by Anthony Summers Sphere, £3.95

So-called secret lives of Marilyn Monroe.

2 (-) Blessings in Disguise by Alec Guinness

Fontana, £2.95

Extraordinarily modest and well-told autobiography by a great actor.

3 (-) Is That It? by Bob Geldof

Penguin, £3.95

Frank, fighting life story of a pop star who became a world leader in fund-raising.

4 (1) The Monocled Mutineer by William Allison and John Fairley Quartet, £2.50

Compelling account of the man who led a 1917 British Army mutiny.

5 (-) The Book of Travellers' Tales edited by Eric Newby

Picador, £4.95

6 (2) The Taste of Health by Jenny Rogers BBC, £5.50

Succulent foods that are good for you.

7 (10) Massage for Healing and Relaxation by Carola Beresford-Cooke

Arlington £3.95

So that's what massage is for!

8 (-) Cooking for Celebrations by Mary

Macdonald, £2.95

9 (-) Animal Squad by Sid Jenkins and Paul Berriff

BBC, £2.50

Investigating cruelty to animals.

10 (-) Courvoisier's Book of the Best by S. Carpenter

Ebury Press, £5.95

Brackets show last month's position. Information from National Book League. Comments by Martyn Goff.

A MANET ON THE MARKET

This edition of the *ILN*'s prize auction game comprises four objects coming up for sale at Christie's. They are a signed oil painting by Edouard Manet, an 18th-century Meissen teapot, a pair of Sèvres pots-à-oille and a Tang Dynasty pottery horse.

Readers are invited to match their estimates of the prices that these may fetch with those of a panel drawn from the three London salerooms taking part, Bonhams, Christie's and Phillips, and chaired by the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*.



anet often sketched the view from his studio at 4 rue de St Petersbourg (now the rue de Leningrad) in Paris, and adopted it for three major paintings. The studio, which he occupied from 1872 to 1878, looked down the rue Mosnier (now the rue de Berne), and the canvas to be sold at Christie's, La Rue Mosnier aux Paveurs (pictured opposite), was completed in 1878, five years before his death. He had by then adopted the technique of the Impressionists (though he hated being classified with them), and this painting is a fine example of the lightness and elegance of his work during this period. It represents a marked stylistic contrast to some of his other masterpieces, such as Déjeuner sur l'Herbe.

The highest recorded price for a painting by Manet was paid at the Christie's sale in New York in 1983, when *La Promenade* fetched \$3,960,000 (then £2,640,000). The painting, illustrated here, is a portrait of Mme Gamby, and is believed to have been painted in the garden of the house Manet had rented at Bellevue in the summer of 1880.

La Rue Mosnier aux Paveurs was bought, soon after it had been painted, by Victor Chocquet, one of the early patrons of the Impressionists, and was sold in 1899 for the equivalent of £500. It changed hands several times thereafter before reaching the Courtauld Collection in 1924. It is to be sold now on behalf of a descendant of Samuel Courtauld, founder of the collection.

SURREY READER WINS £1,000

The October auction was won by R. E. Harrison, who lives in Kingston upon Thames and who will receive a £1,000 voucher from Bonhams for coming closest to the aggregate for the four items as estimated by the *ILN* panel, which was £48,000. This was made up as follows:

| A Rooke oil paintings | £12,600 |
|-----------------------|---------|
| B Silver salver | £2,800 |
| C Florentine cabinet | £30,000 |
| D Lalique figure | £2,600 |

ILN AUCTION: WIN £1,000 CHRISTIE'S VOUCHER



Part of the Meissen china armorial service supplied to King Christian VI of Denmark in 1730, painted with the King's arms, monogram, chinoiserie scenes and landscape panels. In a sale of Continental Ceramics on December 1 at 11am. (Viewing November 26,27,28,30, 9am-4.30pm.) Christie's estimate: £20,000-£30,000.

C Sèvres pots-à-oille

A pair of ormolu-mounted Sèvres petitvert ground pots-à-oille, 34cm high, probably mounted by Edward Holmes Baldock (1777-1845). In a sale of fine French furniture and objects of art on December 4 at 11am. (Viewing November 30, 2pm-5pm, December 1,2, 9am-4.30pm, 3, 9am-4pm.) Christie's estimate: £12,000-£15,000.



A Edouard Manet

La Rue Mosnier aux Paveurs, by Edouard Manet, oil on canvas, signed, painted in 1878. 65.4 by 81.5cm. In a sale of Impressionist and Modern Paintings on December 1 at 6.30pm. (Viewing November 27,28,30 and December 1, 9am-4.45pm). Christie's estimate: In excess of £3



D Tang pottery horse A Sancai buff figure of a standing horse dating from the Tang Dynasty (613-935 AD). 47cm high. In a sale of Chinese works of art on December 8 and 9. (Viewing Décember 4,5,9am-4.30pm,7, 2pm-5pm.) Christie's estimate: £10,000-£15,000.

HOW TO ENTER

are to come up for sale at Christie's in invited to match their estimate of the prices the four items will fetch against those of a panel of experts chaired by the Editor of the ILN. The reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the ILV's panel will win a voucher worth £1,000 presented by Christie's which can be redeemed at any next year. Winning vouchers are not transferable. In the event of more than one reader most difficult of the items to estimate, most Bonhams.

The four items illustrated on this page closely matches their price for that object.

Entries for the December competition London in December. Readers are must be on the coupon cut from this page and reach the ILN office not later than December 31, 1986. Entry is free and readers may make as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate form cut from the December, 1986 issue. No other form of entry is eligible. Members of the staff of the ILN and their families, the printers and others Christie's sale or sales in London during the connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible

The result of the December auction will be estimating the overall total the winner will be announced in the February issue of the ILN. the one whose price on the painting by Another prize auction will be featured next Edouard Manet, which the experts judged the month, with items coming up for sale at

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All entries must be received in the ILN office by December 31, 1986. Send the completed form to: The Illustrated London News (December Auction) 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

| Estimate for object A | Estimate for object C |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Estimate for object B | Estimate for object D |
| TOTAL ESTIMATE | |
| Name | |
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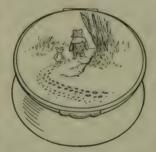
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The vintners of St James's

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

For something like 300 years the area bounded by the Mall, Green Park. Piccadilly and the Haymarket and known as St James's has been the fashionable hub of London's West End—the centre of clubland and the "carriage trade"

In the 18th century St James's was the neighbourhood in which highly respectable tradesmen served their wealthy and aristocratic customers. Here several dozen wine merchants were congregated. Many of the names notable in the 19th century. have long since disappeared, though several have been absorbed by some of the old-established and distinguished merchants still thriving. Indeed, there is no equivalent to the

concentration of wine merchants in this quarter.

The City of London was once the centre of importers and shippers but their dissipation coincided with the run-down of nearby London docks. There used to be carriagetrade wine merchants elsewhere in the West End but scarcely any have survived. Nor is there an equivalent to St James's elsewhere in the country: perhaps Bristol comes nearest, in terms of wine.

Taking Christie's in King Street as the hub, within a mere 25 to 250 yards there

are no fewer than six top wine merchants, all but one founded before 1800 and almost all, holders of a royal warrant. The first two in alphabetical order also vie with each other as the oldest established.

Berry Bros & Rudd have been trading on the same site since the 17th century. They can trace their origins back to 1698 when Widow Bourne opened her shop at No 3 St James's Street and the Berrys were running their wine business in Exeter. The Berry Bros shop, with its undulating bare floor boards, its ancient scales for weighing customers and its collection of old bottles is a Mecca for wine buffs. Selections are made from a pocketsized wine list that has changed little since the 1890s, and orders are taken by polite young men standing either side of a high desk-traditions handed down to the present seventh generation of the Berry family.

Among the bright new businesses to emerge from the ashes of the Great Fire of 1666 was a wine merchant on the eastern fringe of the City belonging to Mr Christopher. It flourished, and a century later drifted westwards with the tide of fashionable London towards Bloomsbury and in 1865 moved to Pall Mall, then to Ormond Yard, a quiet alleyway behind Jermyn Street off Duke of York Street. Christopher & Co are rightly proud that they have supplied wine to the royal family through seven monarchs.

Grants of St James's and Hatch Mansfield are sister companies with adjacent offices in Ryder Street. The former was founded by a Mr B. Grant in 1769, Hatch Mansfield in 1802. Both are relatively recent migrants to St James's. Hatch Mansfield were originally City wine merchants and it was in Victorian times that Ernest Hatch joined the company as a clerk.

The old-fashioned interior of Berry Bros & Rudd in St James's Street.

Good fortune came his way when the owner left the entire business to him and two fellow clerks. Hatch was not only diligent but far-sighted. He immediately bought out the other two and became sole proprietor. He received a knighthood and in 1896 took as partner the Honourable James Mansfield, a nephew of Lord Sandhurst, the then Lord Chamberlain. Between them they consolidated a high-class business. It was inevitable that when the City wine trade fragmented they should move to the West End and St James's.

If the name Justerini sounds more Italian than English, the singularly romantic origin of the firm tells us why. In 1749 Giacomo Justerini left his native Italy for London in hot pursuit of a beautiful opera singer called Margherita Bellino. Alas, his romantic hopes were dashed, but to compensate he decided to make use of his special knowledge of the making of liqueurs to start up his own business and, the same year, advertised his "Foreign Cordial Warehouse". It soon ac-quired a high reputation. and in 1799 received its first royal warrant.

In the early days of the last century the firm was with the élite in Pall Mall (it acquired its present name Justerini & Brooks in 1830 when a Mr Alfred Brooks became a partner), then moved to Bond Street, for a relatively short period after the last war. They now conduct their business conveniently situated half-way up St James's Street. Justerini's have held the royal warrant for eight successive reigns and are styled "by appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, Wine Merchants"

Mention the name Harvey's and one naturally adds "of Bristol" where

the family founded the firm 1796. However, in the throughout last century their reputation as top-class wine merchants had spread far beyond the Country. opened in London between the wars, for a time on the corner of King Street and St James's Square and latterly in Pall Mall.

Harvey's have long been connected with Christie's, if indirectly. Just over a century ago Christie's handled the sale of several large private cellars, all exclusively supplied by Harvey's. It is particularly

interesting to note one catalogue entry, of "choice old golden sherry, bottled by Messrs. Harvey, autumn 1849"—the style of wine which was to make Harvey's fame and fortune. Their Bristol offices and cellars were completely destroyed during the last war, as were Christie's in King Street. But Christie's records survived in their archives there is the earliest documented evidence of Bristol Cream.

It is somehow reassuring that internationally known brands have such a solid and tried background. Is it entirely coincidental that two of the world's best-selling Scotch whiskies, Cutty Sark and J & B Rare, were created in St James's Street?

One might ask, what the wine merchants of St James's have got that the supermarket and local offlicence have not. The answer is twofold: range and service. Berry Bros' miniscule list packs in 544 different wines, no fewer than 114 under £5 a bottle; Justerini's lists a staggering 736 wines of which 105 are less than £5, not taking into account quantity discounts. Deliveries are speedy and relatively inexpensive. Last but not least, their good advice is free O

HOTELS

Brighton belles

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

Brighton! The name sounds like an effervescent tonic. What makes the resort so delightful is its social mix. It is graceful and elegant but, unlike neighbouring Hove, not in the least genteel or geriatric; on the contrary, parts of it are unashamedly decadent, tawdry and tacky. King George IV gave it ton when he built the Royal Pavilion, and it retains that combination of folly and fun to this day. It is quite unlike any other town along the south coast, and there is nowhere in France to touch it.

So special a place deserves a special hotel. I have been looking for recommendable establishments for the past decade—alas, without much luck. Several candidates have shown promise, only to be found wanting, for one shortcoming or another. For those who relish the traditional Victorian style of hotel, however, the Grand, now risen from its ashes since it was bombed by the Provisional IRA during the Conservative Party Conference two years ago, is clearly the one to choose. It has never looked more sparkling. Perhaps the mouldings today are plastic rather than plaster, but the wroughtiron spiral staircase rising to the glass dome high above the fover is as awe-inspiring as ever. And the bewhiskered hall porter at the entrance, with white gloves in his epaulette, is the very model of an old-fashioned major-domo.

Inside the shell of the old building, the newly refurbished rooms are fitted out with all the support systems you would expect in the town's premier hotel. The Grand delivers the goods as well as the in-room goodies to all the conferees, business executives and visiting worthies who form the core of its trade. The front rooms, with balconies surveying the seascape and the Esplanade, are the ones to go for. Staff are efficient and obliging, and the catering is up to standard. My only grumble is that the service in the restaurant can sometimes be erratic at busy seasons. But these are early days for the new grander Grand.

Brighton is well-endowed with restaurants for every sort of appetite, but if you like to eat well under the same roof as your bedroom, then The Twenty One is a good choice. This is an early Victorian town house in the fashionable suburb of Kemp Town (warning: no lift and lots of stairs to the top) and the owners, Simon Ward and Stuart Farquharson, serve ambitious gastronomic dinners in French country-cooking style. There is no choice until the dessert stage on their five-course menu

dégustation, and weight-watchers should be warned that meals are on the generous side of nouvelle cuisine. Rooms are comfortable rather than luxurious, but the place is friendly and relaxed.

An alternative, closer to the centre, is Topps in Regency Square. This handsome townscape, with its terraced period houses on three sides and, on the fourth, the sea and the West Pier, is lined with small hotels, mostly nondescript, some decidedly scruffy. Topps is neither. Paul and Pauline Collins bought the property five years ago and have restored it with energy and enthusiasm.

All the obvious items are thereremote-control television, minirefrigerator and direct-dial telephone-but also many contributions to hotel happiness which are too often honoured in their absence. Our bathroom had a bidet, two basins, hair-drier, the sort of lighting one normally finds only in theatre dressing-rooms, lots of large towels, towelling-robes, slippers, and a basket packed with extras too numerous to list here.

The same dedication to guests' comfort was evident in our bedroom, with fine cotton sheets, decent pillows, proper bedside lighting, trouser-press, plants and flowers, well-equipped tea-tray, chocolates, biscuits and packets of nuts.

There is a restaurant in the basement called Bottoms, which serves reasonably-priced home-cooked English dishes, and has a wine list adequate in its range and modest in its mark-up. Not all our dishes were equally successful, and I wish that the Collins had not relied so much on the freezer and the micro-wave. The vegetables were excellent, and the desserts, especially home-made ice creams, were delicious. Bottoms may not be the place for discriminating gourmets, but the Collinses earned an extra mark for listing in the dossier of local amenities a judicious selection of good restaurants within easy walking distance.

The Grand Hotel, King's Road (0273 26301). Bed and breakfast, single £55, double from £95. Table d'hôte dinner £15 (£16.50 on Saturday when there is a dinner-dance).

The Twenty One, 21 Charlotte Street (0273 686450). Double room with breakfast £32-£48; dinner £18 a person, excluding service. Topps Hotel, 17 Regency Square (0273 729334). Double room with breakfast £60-£70. Set dinner in Bottoms Restaurant £10. The above prices include VAT and also service, except where otherwise stated. Hilary Rubinstein is editor of The Good Hotel



But there is a lot more to Sussex than just Sea, Sun and the South Downs For instance by car you can reach:

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PETWORTH Gardens.

IN 11 HOURS:- WINCHESTER-Cathedral; LONDON-the capital; SOUTHAMP-TON, PORTSMOUTH, DOVER & NEWHAVEN-South Coast ports.

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French with tears

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

Some time towards the end of the Age of Dinosaurs, actually I suppose in 1941, I chose Boulestin's for my first French dinner date. Expensive but worth it, I remember thinking, or perhaps the other way round, and the expensive part certainly held on my visits last month. I should not have bothered to invoke the past if a couple of lovey-dovey couples had not been in evidence there at the recent evening session, not by any means an invariable feature of restaurant life today. Lovey-dovey readers may take note, also perhaps crusty old gents.

Approach to the place is not entirely straightforward. The current A-D telephone book gives the address as 25 Southampton Street, WC2, but entry that way is barricaded. You get in round the corner and down a lot of stairs. There is nothing but the restaurant at the bottom, but within it there is ample opportunity to go wrong, to miss the way back to the bar or find yourself in the kitchen when attempting to leave. In a tremendously French environment this refusal to label anything, leaving it to you to know, strikes a reassuringly British note.

Frenchness kicks off powerfully in the bar, which perhaps brings to mind your well-off granny's comfortable drawing-room in the Dordogne or somewhere, with terracotta-coloured furnishings and smallish pictures originating safely from before 1914, and also incidentally with sundry well-served drinks, though some of the potato crisps were on the flexible side. The décor is continued in the famous dining-room, which has its windows arranged and lit to give a pleasantly outdoorsy effect. More paintings here, largely of animals and harmless enough, albeit my guest was a little bothered by one of a bull with, so she put it, a cow's face, undoubtedly a very small one. Anyway, all in all the surroundings are luxurious without the least touch of ostentation and enjoyably exotic, if the word can still be used to mean foreign in an attractive style—the very nonpareil for a lovey-dovey outing. Such activities, and general cosiness, are encouraged by the generous spacing of the tables and low-profile service.

The food turned out to be frankly patchy. Starters scored high, but it must be said that the quantity of asparagus was decidedly mean for such a pricey establishment. My Boulestin salad of goose-liver pâté and quail's eggs was marvellous, and I soon forgot the accompanying heap of designer lettuce. The vegetable terrine put me off by being visually interesting, but this note of warning was deceptive and I threw the stuff down at top speed, savouring a little guiltily the foie gras that richly pervaded the whole. Langoustines and smoked salmon were pronounced satisfactory, even if the soaking of the latter in olive oil might not appeal equally to all.

The follow-up to these went to confirm my strengthening view that there is, in posh restaurants in London, what amounts to a widespread main-course problem or even crisis. I am not so much thinking of rubbish like my bits of sole stuffed with smoked-salmon mousse wittily got up to look like halves of hard-boiled eggs and resting on top of a green sauce. (I hate that: if I can please myself whether I take the sauce or not, what is it doing there?) Nor even the slices of rare



breast of goose—think about it—served to my guest. What I am getting at is the *filet de boeuf à la Rouennaise* and the two lamb dishes that were tender, juicy and completely tasteless. I have no idea where the materials were bought or what might have happened to them between then and whenever they were cooked, but something is badly wrong somewhere and a restaurant of this reputation, and price-range, should not allow it. Such a restaurant, too, should not serve "a selection of vegetables" by the spoonful on a single plate; portions, please. And no sort of restaurant should serve munchy carrots, chewy broccoli, looked-at courgettes.

Drinks were mostly well handled and satisfactory. With our sole and goose we went for a white Châteauneuf-du-Pape, a Château Rayas 1982, which I recommend to refugees from the thinner and sourer whites from Burgundy and the Loire. Heavy, says Hugh Johnson of these wines in general; rather coarse, says Cyril Ray; well, you have been warned. With our butcher's meat we chose a Domaine de Chevalier 1980, and bloody good it was, not overpriced in such a place at £35, more evidence tending to show that the relatively uncommon red Graves are good value alongside comparable clarets.

We rounded off with, among other things, a glass of Armagnac; I can't say which because I never saw the bottle or the entry on the wine-list. This is bad: you should not have to pick any sort of drink in a restaurant from a spoken inventory. My last grumble says that no bottle of wine should be brought to the table in a cradle or basket or whatever you call it; useless if the wine needs decanting, needless if not. More important, basket or no basket it should be left on the table, not removed to some more exalted sphere.

That was my last grumble about the drinks at Boulestin's. My last grumble about Boulestin's is that when the bill arrived it had a 15 per cent service charge added to it. There are various arguments against this practice. One is that it forces the customer to pay an extra 15 per cent on the VAT that is incorporated in the menu prices. Another is that the customer likes to give something for service, not have it taken off him willynilly. The most telling is that the customer resents it. What with one thing and another I am in no rush to go back to Boulestin's.

Boulestin, 25 Southampton Street, London WC2 (836 7061). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30-11.15pm; Sat 7.30-11.15pm. About £60 for two

WINNING WAYS

Chez Nico

129 Queenstown Rd, SW8 (720 6960). Philip Britten has continued in the kitchen where Nico Ladenis (see Highlights, page 8) left off. He has imposed his own authority on the menu and, with his wife Diane front of house, a fresh personality on the enlarged restaurant which now seats 48.

You ring for admission at the solid front door in the side street and enter a bright, unfussy room with red and green checked wallpaper, comfortable cane and chrome seating and white table linen. The three course, *prix fixe*

lunch at £14.50 offers the best value.

Britten, one of the shyer chefs among the new, young British élite, has a Michelin star to his name. His menus eschew game (with the exception of partridge) and treat vegetables largely as decoration. There is clever use of pastry: in one starter the juice in a tartlet containing mushroom and fresh foie gras bursts through the first forked breach into a surrounding sauce.

Mon-Sat 12.30-2pm (except Mon & Sat) 7.30-10.45pm.

Greenstreets

33b Walm Lane, NW2 (459 7512).

A cheapish, funky contrast to haute cuisine is provided by this Creole and

Caribbean restaurant in Willesden. The mood is established with plain wooden tables, rock music and rum cocktails.

The Adams family from Jamaica also cook to good effect. Cod fish fritters with spicy ackee dip makes a tasty starter. Typical main courses included a vegetarian calalou, stuffed baked mullet with black-eyed peas and rice and, the day's special, Chicken Rundown cooked in coconut milk and served with baked banana and cashew rice. Side orders of breadfruit, sweet potato and yam are available. House wine is Duboeuf. About £25 for two.

Tue-Sat noon-3pm, 6-11pm (midnight Fri & Sat).

ALEX FINER

The classic 16th game

BY JOHN NUNN

When the world title match shifted from London to Leningrad, the defending champion Gary Kasparov held a 6½-5½ lead over the challenger Anatoly Karpov. The second half of the match proved even more exciting and eventful than the first 12 games. The 13th and 15th games were drawn, but Kasparov extended his lead by winning the 14th and 16th games. The 16th game, given below, was one of the most extraordinary games of chess I have ever seen.

Karpov played the opening very well and by the 29th move seemed to have established a winning position. However, Kasparov fought back with a dazzling tactical display and posed problems which Karpov, drifting ever deeper into time trouble, proved unable to solve. Analysis after the game suggests that Karpov never had a clear win, but this is one of those classic games which will be discussed for years to come.

Three points down with eight games to go, Karpov seemed to be finished, especially as a tied match would suffice for Kasparov to retain his title. But the challenger came back from the dead, winning the 17th, 18th and 19th games to level the score. The 19th game was Karpov's best effort in the match, accepting a sacrifice then damping down the fire of Kasparov's counterplay with perfect tactical control. Despite the run of losses Kasparov managed to keep his nerve, steering the 20th and 21st games to safe draws. Karpov's dramatic recovery had been halted and Kasparov narrowly held on to his title by 12½ to 11½.

| G. Kasparov | A. Karpo |
|-------------|----------|
| White | Black |
| Ruy I | opez |
| 1 P-K4 | P-K4 |
| 2 N-KB3 | N-QB3 |
| 3 B-N5 | P-QR3 |
| 4 B-R4 | N-B3 |
| 5 0-0 | B-K2 |
| 6 R-K1 | P-QN4 |
| 7 B-N3 | P-Q3 |
| 8 P-B3 | 0-0 |
| 9 P-KR3 | B-N2 |
| 10 P-Q4 | R-K1 |
| 11 QN-Q2 | B-KB1 |
| 12 P-QR4 | P-R3 |
| 13 B-B2 | KPxP |
| | |

| 14 BPxP | N-QN5 |
|------------|--------|
| 15 B-N1 | . P-B4 |
| 16 P-Q5 | N-Q2 |
| 17 R-R3 | P-B5 |
| 18 N-Q4 | Q-B3 |
| 19 N(2)-B3 | N-B4 |
| | |

Dynamic play by Karpov. In return for the sacrificed pawn Black's pieces become very active and he gains control of the outpost at O6.

| 0 | or tree outp |
|-----------|--------------|
| 20 PxP | PxP |
| 21 NxP | RxR |
| 22 NxR | B-R3 |
| 23 R-K3 | R-N1 |
| 24 P-K51? | |

Kasparov wants to open up lines against Black's king, but it is a risky move because Black's king's bishop is activated.

| 24 | PxP |
|---------|---------|
| 25 NxKP | N(5)-Q6 |
| 26 N-N4 | Q-QN3 |

Karpov avoided 26...Q-Q5 because of 27 N-B2 QxQP 28 N-B6ch PxN 29 R-N3ch B-N2 30 BxP N-K3 31 RxBch! NxR 32 Q-N4 with a very dangerous attack.

| 27 R-N3 | P-N3 |
|---------|------|
| 28 BxP | QxP |
| 29 Q-B3 | N-Q2 |

Black could have forced a draw by

29...QxN 30 N-B6ch K-R1 31 Q-R5! RxBch 32 B-B1ch (not 32 K-R2? R-R8ch! 33 KxR NxPch 34 K-R2 QxRch 35 KxQ PxQ and wins) K-N2 (the queen can never be taken because of R-N8 mate) 33 N-K8ch K-N1 34 N-B6ch K-N2 and White has nothing better than a draw by perpetual check.

30 BxB KxB 31 K-R2!

White aims to play N-R6 without losing the knight to ...Q-B8ch.

31 ... R-N6 32 BxN PxB 33 Q-B4 QxN

The point of White's play lies in the variation 33...P-Q7 34 N-R6 N-K4 35 RxR QxR 36 QxN P-Q8=Q 37 P-Q6 and Black is lost despite his extra queen.

34 N-R6 Q-K2 35 RxNP Q-K4 36 R-N8ch K-K2 37 P-Q6ch K-K3

Either capture of the pawn allows a knight fork winning the queen.

38 R-K8ch K-Q4
39 RxQch NxR
40 P-Q7 R-N1
41 NxP Resigns ○





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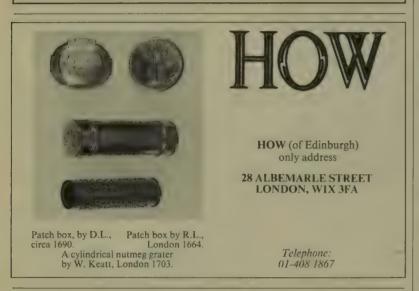
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BRIDGE

Playing the minor role

BY JACK MARX

hand below, you would expect more often than not to be on the defending rather than the declaring side. Even then it would seem unlikely that you had any crucial role to play. Only when opponents chose to play at game in spades would your mild interest possibly be aroused.

| • | Dealer East |
|----------------|------------------------|
| ₩9 | 54 Game All |
| ♦ A | J87 |
| 4 1 | 09652 |
| 4 96542 | 4 3 |
| 9 82 | ♥AKQ107 |
| ♦6542 | ♦KQ109 |
| ♣ J4 | \$ 873 |
| ♠ A | KJ 1087 |
| ♥J | 63 |
| ♦3 | |
| A A | KQ |
| The hidding | at one table in a team |

he bidding at one table in a teamof-four match:

| West | North | East | South | | | |
|----------------|------------|------|-------|--|--|--|
| | | 1H | DBL | | | |
| No | 2♦ | No | 2 | | | |
| No All Pass | 3 4 | 'No | 44 | | | |

North chose this order of bidding his suits, thinking that he would be better placed to steer his partner away from what to him were the unwelcome spades, but ironically mention of a suit where he held three top honours had the effect of intensifying South's interest in his own suit. However, with Queen of trumps and an outside Ace North had no cause for worry

West led his Eight of Hearts and East proceeded to cash his three top cards in the suit. On the third West had to find a discard and he fell into error. He threw a diamond and now the contract could not be defeated. He feared that by letting go a club he might expose his partner to a finesse against a possible King or Queen. His own length of trumps made the basis of this fear more imaginary than real.

At the other table the bidding took a rather different course to arrive at

| West - | North | East | South |
|--------|-------|----------|------------|
| | | 1 💙 | DBL |
| No | 2 | 2♦ | 3 ♠ |
| No | 44 | All Pass | |

South implied great power with his jump bid following a take-out double, and North with two key cards was amply justified in raising to game. Three top hearts were again cashed, but this West had rather more to guide him than the other, for he knew from the bidding that there could be no trick in diamonds for his side. He threw his small club to warn East that he had nothing to contribute in this suit.

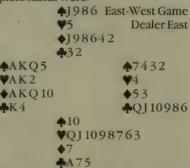
The warning was not wasted on

If your holding is as poor as the West East, who realized that South, who had shown up with three hearts and must have good clubs and very long spades, could scarcely hold more than one diamond. The best chance seemed to lie in doing something to promote whatever West held in trumps. East accordingly led a fourth heart and South was in a catch-22 situation. If he ruffed with dummy's Queen, West's Nine would become a trick. If he ruffed low in his own hand, West would unload his second club. South can cash dummy's Queen of trumps but cannot safely return to his own hand to draw the rest. If he tries a club, West will ruff; Diamond Ace and a ruff of a small diamond will leave West with one more trump than he has himself. Truly praiseworthy co-operation in defence by East and West!

> A few days after this, the second of these Wests, playing in a county pairs event, was to survey another West hand in stark contrast to that one:

↑ A K Q 5 ♥ A K 2 **♦** A K Q 10 **♣** K 4 With a level head and a sensible system in use West felt no undue uneasiness at what he saw. However, with East-West alone vulnerable, West did feel outraged at having to face head-on an opening pre-empt from South of Four Hearts.

This is rather a grey area in many people's bidding. Four No-trumps might be natural to play, though would more likely be taken as a request for a minor; it might even be looked on as Blackwood. A double is primarily for a penalty, but with many partnerships it also implies support for spades. Though realizing that at this score a penalty of 500 might not be adequate at matchpoints, West felt as things were this was the best he could do. The complete hands were:



After West's double, East quailed before bidding such spades as these but, defenceless as he was, did venture Five Clubs. West felt disinclined to waste his priceless 28 points on such a low scoring contract and boiled over into Six Clubs. It turned out to be a complete top score, other pairs failing at Six Notrumps or playing merely in game O



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STEVE WHITEHEAD Steward on Concorde

CONCORDE FIZZ

/ orange pince

Ashor of Contresus

Serve, as poured, into a trusted gla-

The orange inter, proferably Evopician from Florida, is for obour Champagne, the most popular drink on boards outrently fence Islan, a cuvee of Mumm. Contreau, which lassociate with Christmas, is addied but, shps durough the drink and provides a lick with the Jast monthiol." The status of the cocktail has never been higher. It can now be found all over the world-even while travelling around it. The drinks may change names and the recipes alter but the fashion persists.

The cocktail's origins remain obscure. It may have been invented in 1779 in a tavern where French and American officers in Washington's army met and drank. The Irish barmaid Betsy Flanagan was in the habit of decorating her special mixed drinks with feathers from a cock's tail and, it is said, a Frenchman calling for a toast declared. "Vive le cocktail".

The most famous of all cocktails, the Martini, can be traced back to the Martinez cocktail invented by bartender Jerry Thomas more than a century ago. Other derivations-of Pink Lady, Back Russian and countless modern cocktails, such as the Slow Comfortable Screw-are largely a matter for conjecture.

The cocktail's popularity was boosted during Prohibition in America when the unpleasant smell and taste of home-made spirits could be masked successfully in a mixed drink. Hollywood films spread the message that cocktails could be fun and han Fleming's James Bond added to their worldly image.

The three suitably seasonal cocktails presented here have been invented by globe trotting barmen who travel in style.

WORDS BY ALEXTENE

SWIZZEESTICKS BY MARK RESWINGS

PHRILIE/RAPH BY BURGERSTOWEL

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings

- ★★Highly recommended
- ★Good of its kind

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

THEATRE

★The American Clock

Arthur Miller's episodic study of the American Depression is directed by Peter Wood (& acted by his versatile company) as an imaginatively designed mosaic. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

*Animal Farm

Peter Hall's exciting production gives us everything from the take-over of Manor Farm to the ultimate triumph of the formidable pigs. Olivier.

The Archbishop's Ceiling

Arthur Miller's play takes its title from the baroque ceiling—which may be bugged—in an ancient mansion put to official use in an East European country where freedom of thought is not encouraged. The first act is a tense intellectual exercise, the second repetitive & inconclusive. Jane Lapotaire heads the cast. The best performance is David de Keyser's as a writer with a complex background. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, CC).

The Bay at Nice/Wrecked Eggs

David Hare has directed his own double bill. The first play, & much the better, concerns a mother's response to her daughter whose marriage is breaking up; Irene Worth & Zoë Wanamaker act with power. Miss Wanamaker is also in the second & more tenuous piece, as the guest of an American couple who are ending their marriage with a "splitting up" party. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Brighton Beach Memoirs

Neil Simon's sympathetic family comedy, first staged at the National, is set in Brooklyn. Harry Towb & Steven Mackintosh are joined by Dorothy Tutin & Susan Engel. Opens Nov 27. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

Cats

Although T. S. Eliot's cat poems are not among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 379 6433).

* Chess

Tim Rice & composers Benny Andersson & Bjorn Ulvaeus have put together a spectacular show, imaginatively directed by Trevor Nunn, with the chess game a metaphor for political in-fighting between Russia & America. Elaine Paige & Tommy Korberg sing with concentrated force. Prince Edward, Old



Tom Conti takes the lead in The Italian Straw Hat, opening December 15.

Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

**A Chorus of Disapproval

One of Alan Ayckbourn's best plays with its story of an amateur *Beggar's Opera* suffering off-stage & on-stage complications. Performances entirely in key by Colin Blakely as the ebullient Welsh director & Jim Norton as the innocent who, to his surprise, goes too far. Ayckbourn himself directs. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, CC), REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

Dave Allen—Live

A determined stand-up comedian, worried about the stress of contemporary life, he might be funnier if he edited his material more stringently. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

★★The Fair Maid of the West

Directed by Trevor Nunn, this conflation of two plays written by the Jacobean dramatist, Thomas Heywood, storms happily across the promontory stage. Imelda Staunton is the Plymouth barmaid who goes to the Barbary coast in search of her lover. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon. Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

★A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum

Frankie Howerd returns unerringly to his celebrated part as the Roman slave at the core of the Sondheim musical which ran at Chichester Festival. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 $(427\,4506, \cot 379\,6565)$.

Ghosts

Vanessa Redgrave has been acclaimed for her performance as Mrs Alving in David Thacker's Young Vic production of Ibsen's play. Until Jan 17. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

The Great Hunger

Patrick Kavanagh's play, set in 1942 rural

southern Ireland, won praise at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival. Tom Hickey leads a company from Dublin's Abbey Theatre. Nov 25-Dec 13. Almeida, Almeida St, N1 (359 4404.cc).

★★1'm Not Rappaport

Magnificent character performance from Paul Scofield as an elderly Jew recounting an inventive version of his life history in Herb Gardner's comedy. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc). REVIEWED AUG, 1986.

The Infernal Machine

Simon Callow directs Cocteau's overheated variation on the Oedipus legend, with Maggie Smith & Robert Eddison. Until Dec 6. Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Killing Jessica

Patrick MacNee returns to the London stage in an American murder mystery, directed by Bryan Forbes. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219).

★Lend Me a Tenor

American dramatist Ken Ludwig has an eye & ear for cheerful nonsense. Ian Talbot is a triumphant stand-in in a production of Verdi's *Otello*, & Ronald Holgate is the star who is not in time for the performance. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, ∞).

★Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Christopher Hampton's expertly-judged version of Choderlos de Laclos's 18th-century epistolary novel of seduction. Alan Rickman & Lindsay Duncan are the two destructive aristocrats in this RSC production. Ambassadors, West St, WG2 (836 1171, cc).

Macbeth

In Adrian Noble's new production, Jonathan Pryce takes the title role & Sinead Cusack plays Lady Macbeth. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

★Misalliance

Shaw's comedy, one of his "disquisitory plays", principally about parents & children, comes to theatrical life with the aeroplane crash—very well staged—on a Hindhead conservatory (1909). Thereafter it is extremely amusing, with specially good performances by Brian Cox, as the foremost arguer, Elizabeth Spriggs as his comfortable wife & Jane Lapotaire as the Polish acrobat. Barbican, Silk St. EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

★Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama relies less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, 34 years old on November 25, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

Mr & Mrs Nobody

Keith Waterhouse's play, based on George & Weedon Grossmith's *Diary of a Nobody* & on Waterhouse's own sequels, stars Judi Dench & Michael Williams as Mr & Mrs Pooter. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601, cc).

The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest musical, adapted from the famous story by Gaston Leroux, depends largely upon its run of theatrical effects in a production by Harold Prince. Michael Crawford is cast richly as the disfigured phantom of the catacombs. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 4025, cc 379 6131).

Principia Scriptoriae

Anton Lesser & Sean Baker play two writers, once imprisoned together in a Latin-American country & now, 15 years later, on opposite sides while bargaining for the freedom of a poet (Clive Russell). The Pit.

Richard II

Barry Kyle's beautifully staged revival, with Jeremy Irons progressively persuasive as the king, is marred only by some over-playing & a misguided idea of Bolingbroke. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Scenes From a Marriage

It was unwise to bring together three of Georges Feydeau's short farces, written at different times, about a dentist-husband & his shrewish wife. Directed by Terry Hands, & in an uninspiring version by Peter Barnes, they are too often monotonously noisy & vulgar. The best performances are those, in support, by Susan Colverd as three differing types of housemaid. Barbican.

Selling the Sizzle

Dinsdale Landen, David Threlfall, Caroline Bliss & Ann Beach in a comedy about a small family firm. Opens Nov 26. Hampstead, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber has written this,

Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

★Tons of Money

Alan Ayckbourn directs one of the most successful of the 1920s Aldwych farces about the financially embarrassed Aubrey Henry Maitland Allington. With Simon Cadell, Michael Gambon & Marcia Warren. Lyttelton. REVIEW ON POL

★★Two Noble Kinsmen

Barry Kyle has used the intimacy of the Jacobean "promontory" stage, for an uncommon restoration of this Shakespeare-Fletcher rarity. Gerard Murphy & Hugh Quarshie lead the cast. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Wildfire

American melodrama, directed by Peter Wood, with Diana Rigg as a successful career woman. The cast includes Kevin McNally, David Healy, Mark Wing-Davey & Carmen Rodriguez. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, cc 741 9999).

★The Winter's Tale

An unaffected production, in both Sicilia & Bohemia, with Jeremy Irons conveying the pointless jealousy of Leontes & Penny Downie doubling, without difficulty, the roles of Hermione & Perdita. Terry Hands directs. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. REVIEWED JUNE, 1986.

**Woman in Mind

A hauntingly inventive black comedy, by Alan Ayckbourn, is seen through the eyes of a woman in distress. She is acted beautifully by Julia McKenzie. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEWED OCT, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE OCT, 1986.

The Women

50th-anniversary production of the Broadway comedy success by Clare Boothe Luce. The cast of 18 women includes Maria Aitken, Judi Bowker, Diana Quick & Susannah York. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

★Wonderful Town!

The revival of an amiable & often lively American musical—score by Leonard Bernstein—depends upon the sustained comic vitality of Maureen Lipman as one of the Ohio girls in New York, & upon Emily Morgan's charm as her sister. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

TOP CHOICE

THEATRE

Breaking the Code

The title has two significances. Alan Turing, a mathematical genius honoured during the last war for his part in breaking the enemy code, Enigma, was a persuaded homosexual at a time when this was a criminal offence. Hugh Whitemore's play & Derek Jacobi's acting evoke remarkably the personality of a complex, uncompromising figure. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SWI (930 9832, cc).

The Magistrate

Pinero's grand farce is now just over a century old. Nigel Hawthorne is, relishingly, Aeneas Posket, magistrate of Mulberry St, who has an alarming night out with a stepson who is older than his mother has declared. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC). REVIEWED NOV, 1986.

FIRST NIGHTS

The Bijers Sunbird

Robert Kirby's play is about the unfolding political tragedy in South Africa. Dec 9-Jan 10. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Dory Previn Singing Songs & Telling Tales

In her first London season for 10 years, this singer/songwriter performs new songs as well as some from her best-selling albums. Dec 9-Jan 10. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St. WC2 (240 8230, cc 379 6565).

Heresies

New play by Deborah Levy about betrayal, loyalty & ideas seen through the eyes of an old woman composer & her sharp-witted companion. With Miriam Karlin, Roger Allam & Susan Colverd. Opens Dec 16. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

The Italian Straw Hat

Tom Conti heads the cast in Simon Moore's new version of the classic French farce by Eugène Labiche. Directed by Anton Rogers. Opens Dec 15. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

King Lear

Anthony Hopkins plays Shakespeare's tragic monarch in David Hare's production, with Michael Bryant & Anna Massey. Opens Dec 11. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.

A Mouthful of Birds

The Joint Stock company perform a new play by Caryl Churchill & David Lam. Dec 1-26. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

Night Must Fall

Revival of Emlyn Williams's play, directed by John Dove. Dec 10-Jan 24. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc).

Penny for a Song

Revival, directed by Howard Davies, of John Whiting's comedy about England preparing for invasion by Napoleon in 1804. With Brian Cox, Rudi Davies, John Shrapnel & David Bradley. Opens Dec 17. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

When I Was a Girl I Used to Scream & Shout

Sharman MacDonald's comedy about two girls growing up in Scotland in the 1950s, with Julie Walters, Geraldine James & John Gordon Sinclair. The play was first performed at The Bush in 1984; it won its writer the Most Promising Playwright Award. Opens Dec 9. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc 379 6565).

CHILDREN'S SHOWS

Maddin

Norman Beaton plays Widow Twankey, with Debby Bishop in the title role. Dec 5-Jan 10. Shaw, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 1394, cc 387 6293).

Alice in Wonderland

Bob Goody plays the March Hare & Harold Innocent is both Mock Turtle & Caterpillar in John Wells's version of Lewis Carroll's fantasy; music by Carl Davis. Dec 18-Jan 31. Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Cinderella

Linda Nolan & *Crackerjack*'s Stu Francis head the cast. Dec 18-Jan 24. Ashcroft, Croydon (688 9291, cc 680 5955).

Cinderella

Richmond welcomes Rolf Harris, Bill Owen &



Paul Hogan as the all-Australian film hero Crocodile Dundee.

Anneka Rice. Dec 12-Feb 1. Richmond, Surrey (940 0088, cc).

Dick Whittington

Roy Hudd, Bill Pertwee & Lyn Paul head the cast to tell of the aspiring Lord Mayor & his faithful cat. Dec 15-Jan 17. Churchill, Bromley, Kent $(460\,6677, cc)$.

The Fantastic Voyage of Uly Sindbad

Adventures round the world, based on stories of Ulysses & Sindbad the Sailor. Until Jan 4. Unicorn, Gt Newport St, WC2 (836 3334).

The Hobbit

J.R.R. Tolkein's tale was published 50 years ago. This stage adaptation by Rony Robinson & Graham Watkins stars Malcolm Dixon as Bilbo Baggins, plus a host of goblins, trolls & elves. Opens Dec 10. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, CC).

Jack & the Beanstalk

Anita Harris & Harry Worth lead the entertainers. Dec 19-Feb 7. Wimbledon, The Broadway, SW19 (540 0362).

Jack & the Beanstalk

Terry Scott plays Jack, with June Whitfield as Sweetcorn, the Vegetable Fairy. Dec 17-Jan 17. Yvonne Arnaud, Guildford, Surrey (0483 60191, cc).

Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat

Mike Holoway plays Joseph in this hugely enjoyable early Tim Rice/Andrew Lloyd Webber musical. Dec 16-Jan 17. Royalty, Portugal St, WC2 (405 8004).

King Charming or The Blue Bird of Happiness

This delightful theatre, tucked under the railway arches, celebrates its 50th anniversary this year with a Victorian production written in 1850 by J. R. Planché. Dec 17-Feb 15. Players', Villiers St, WC2 (839 1134, cc).

The Lion, the Witch & the Wardrobe

Adaptation of C. S. Lewis's story of the wintry land of Narnia. Nov 24-Jan 17. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283/4, cc 834 0048).

The Pied Piper

Hundreds of children take turns to join Sylvester McCoy in Adrian Mitchell's stage version of Browning's celebrated narrative. Olivier/Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Pinocchio

An Italian setting for this year's Stratford East pantomime about the puppet whose nose grew when he lied. Dec 1-Jan 17. Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Sq. E15 (534 0310 cc).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

**Aliens (18)

Edgy, compelling screenwriting & direction by James Cameron make this Pinewood-made sequel to Ridley Scott's famous 1979 film even better than its predecessor.

**Crocodile Dundee (15)

Australia's record-attendance film, which has also taken the United States by storm, comes to London. Paul Hogan plays Mick Dundee, a crocodile hunter with classic outback humour. Opens Dec 12. Leicester Sq Theatre, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759). REVIEW ON P61.

★Eat the Peach (PG)

Peter Ormrod's dark Irish comedy deals with obsessed eccentrics, yet has a ring of truth. Two unemployed men in a neglected border town, menaced as much by smugglers as by the IRA, build a wall of death in the backyard, seeking fame & glory but finding neither. It has a refreshing & quirky approach with convincing performances. Opens Dec 5. Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (437 1234).

Extremities (18)

Farrah Fawcett is the victim of an assault who manages to wreak a grisly revenge on her attacker (James Russo). Robert M. Young's screen version of a successful stage play only narrowly misses being an exploitation movie. REVIEWED NOV, 1986.

★The Good Father (15)

Mike Newell's film about marital break-up in a bleak south London suburb affirms his talent & shows what British cinema can do on a modest budget. With Anthony Hopkins, Jim Broadbent & Simon Callow. REVIEWED SEPT, 1986.

★Inspecteur Lavardin (15)

A Claude Chabrol thriller set in a Breton seaside district, with the excellent Jean Poiret, once again as a policeman, investigating the death of an unpleasant writer married to one of his former girlfriends, played by Bernadette Lafont. Chabrol adroitly keeps the plot fizzing & contrives a thoroughly immoral & cynical ending. Opens Dec/Jan. Chelsea Cinema, Kings Rd, SW3 (351 3742, cc).

CINEMA continued

Kangaroo (PG)

An Australian film directed by Tim Burstall & based on D. H. Lawrence's novel Kangaroo. Stars Judy Davis & Colin Friels. Opens Dec 5. Cannon Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527); Odeon Kensington High St, W8 (602 6644, cc 602 5193).

Labyrinth (U)

David Bowie is a singing goblin king who whisks a baby into his netherworld castle to the consternation of the sitter, its teenage sister. Jennifer Connelly is a pretty but inexperienced actress, & her quest through an interminable labyrinth, encountering a series of creatures dreamed up by Brian Froud & the director Jim Henson is, in spite of visual ingenuity & elaborate special effects, a plod. Opens Dec 2. Odeons Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929); Haymarket, SW1 (839 7697, cc); Cannon Chelsea, 279 King's Rd, SW3 (352 5096).

*Mona Lisa (15)

Fine performance by Bob Hoskins as an exprisoner given the job of ferrying a prostitute (Cathy Tyson) to & from her encounters, & coming up against Michael Caine as a master criminal. REVIEWED SEPT, 1986.

*Other Halves (15)

Lisa Harrow is brilliant as a middle-class housewife who has a breakdown, a broken marriage & a difficult, doom-ridden relationship with a streetsmart teenage Maori delinquent whom she meets while in a mental hospital. John Laing's strong study of a woman under stress is an excellent New Zealand film.

★Real Genius (15)

Gabe Jarret plays a gifted 15-year-old fresher in a hi-tech institution, where he is involved in a laser project with Val Kilmer, a senior, at the behest of their tutor, William Atherton, who is not entirely straight. They are the "top guns" of the scholastic world, retaining their sanity with crazy pranks. Martha Coolidge directs with a sure comic touch. Opens Dec 5, Cannons Oxford St. W1 (636 0310). Panton St, SW1 (930 0631).

**A Room With a View (PG)

A pleasing & sensitive adaptation by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala of E. M. Forster's novel about the Edwardian English upper-middle class, with Helena-Bonham Carter & Maggie Smith. One of the year's most enjoyable films. REVIEWED APRIL, 1986

**Rosa Luxemburg (PG)

Margarethe Von Trotta's exceptional film, set against the background of the early years of European socialism, is a sombre & impressive work with a great performance by Barbara Sukowa as the Polish-German revolutionary. REVIEWED AUG, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE OCT, 1986.

★Ruthless People (18)

Bette Midler is in excellent form as Danny DeVito's spoilt, rich-bitch wife who is kidnapped by a young couple, Judge Reinhold & Helen Slater, because DeVito stole their fashion idea. The directing team of David & Jerry Zucker & Jim Abrahams has a reasonably coherent narrative for once.

Shoah (PG)

Claude Lanzmann took 15 years to shoot & edit this film in which witnesses, survivors & people from the areas of Treblinka & Auschwitz describe their memories of the holocaust. The film's two parts total nine & a half hours.

★Smooth Talk (15)

In this award-winning tale of teenage awaken-

TOP CHOICE

CINEMA

Ginger & Fred (15)

Giulietta Masina & Marcello Mastroianni are a highly entertaining couple of aging dancers, Ginger & Fred, recalled to the stage after years of separation. Fellini's most welcome film for years is constantly enriched with surprises REVIEW ON P

The Mission (PG)

Directed by Roland Joffé & produced by David Puttnam & Fernando Ghia, this outstanding film deservedly won the Palme d'Or at Cannes this year. Set in 18th-century South America, it is a passionate film with fine performances by Jeremy Irons, Robert de Niro & Ray McNally, reviewed oct, 1986.

ing Laura Dern plays 15-year-old Connie who is taken for a ride by a seductive stranger. REVIEWED NOV, 1986.

★That Was Then...This is Now (15)

Emilio Estevez, often looking uncannily like his father, Martin Sheen, adapted this S. E. Hinton novel & plays a streetsmart Minneapolis youth living with his best friend, played by Craig Sheffer, whose predilection for girls threatens their relationship. Christopher Cain makes his directing début & shows a certain flair even in dealing with familiar material.

Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see. 15 =no admittance under 15 years. 18 = no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589

English Baroque Choir, London Pro Arte Choir, English Brass Ensemble. Leon Lovett conducts carols. Dec 6, 3pm, 7.30pm.

Bach Choir, London Brass, Kneller Hall Trumpets. David Willcocks conducts carols for choir & audience. Dec 7, 21, 2.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Scenes from Schumann's Faust conducted by Robert Anderson. Dec 16, 7.30pm.

Goldsmith's Choral Union. Carols conducted by Brian Wright. Dec 18, 7pm.

Royal Choral Society, Fanfare trumpeters of the band of the Royal Marines. Laszlo Heltay conducts three carol concerts, Dec 19, 20, 7.30pm; with massed school choirs, Dec 20, 2.30pm.

London Oriana Choir, Forest Choir, London Pro Arte Choir, English Brass Ensemble. Leon Lovett conducts Christmas carols for choir & audience. Dec 23, 7.30pm. BARBICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

London Symphony Orchestra. James Loughran conducts two all-Beethoven programmes; John Lill plays the five Piano Concertos. Dec 2, 7.45pm; Dec 7, 7.30pm.

English Concert Choir & Orchestra. Trevor Pinnock conducts Corelli, Bach, Vivaldi. Dec 10, 7.45pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orches-

tra, Simon Rattle conducts Symphonies by Sibelius & Brahms, & Mozart's Piano Concert. No 25, with Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich. Dec

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Robert Tear conducts music by Corelli, Vaughan Williams, Handel, Bach & carols for choir & audience, with Benjamin Luxon, baritone. Dec 17, 19, 7.15pm.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Robin Stapleton conducts music by Prokofiev, Handel, Arnold, Gounod & carols for chorus & audience, with Stuart Burrows, tenor. Dec 18, 7.15pm.

James Galway's Christmas collection. With the BBC Concert Orchestra the flautist plays Mercadante's Flute Concerto & other favourites, plus carols for choir & audience. Dec 20, 3pm, 7.30pm.

City of London Sinfonia, Richard Hickox Singers. Simon Preston conducts Handel's Messiah. Dec 21, 7.15pm.

Choir of King's College, Cambridge, English Chamber Orchestra. Stephen Cleobury conducts Mozart, Handel & carols for choir & audience. Dec 22, 7.30pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Philip Ledger conducts Bach & Mozart, with violinists José Luis Garcia & Alan Brind, BBC Young Musician of the Year 1986, Dec 28, 3pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Yehudi Menuhin conducts Mendelssohn, Dvořák, & Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, with Hu Kun as soloist. Dec 30, 7.45pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800)

Philharmonia Orchestra. Bernard Haitink conducts Brahms's Serenade No 1 & Symphony No 4. Dec 1, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. John Pritchard conducts Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No 2, with Dmitri Alexeev as soloist, & Shostakovich's Symphony No 11. Dec 3, 7.30pm.

Philharmonic Orchestra. London Semyon Bychkov conducts Panufnik, Mendelssohn, & Mozart's Piano Concerto in B flat K 595, with Radu Lupu as soloist. Dec 4,

Goldsmith's Choral Union, Finchley Children's Music Group. Brian Wright conducts carols. Dec 7, 3.15pm, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Gennadi Rozhdestvensky conducts an all-Russian programme, with Viktoria Postnikova as soloist in Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No 2. Dec 8, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Edward Downes conducts Delius, Vaughan Williams, & Elgar's Violin Concerto, with Nigel Kennedy as soloist. Dec 10, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, Choir of King's College, Cambridge. Rimsky-Korsakov, Scarlatti, Vivaldi, Vaughan Williams & carols for choir & audience. Dec 11, 7.30pm.

Massed Choirs from London Hospitals. Charles Farncombe conducts carols & Christmas music. Dec 13, 3pm, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus. Charles Groves conducts The Dream of Gerontius by Elgar, with Penelope Walker, mezzo-soprano, Dennis O'Neill, tenor, Benjamin Luxon, baritone. Dec

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Georg Solti conducts Bartók's Piano Concerto No 3, with Andras Schiff as soloist, & Mahler's Symphony No 5. Dec 15, 7.30pm.

OUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928

Hilliard Ensemble. Wolcum Yule: music by Byrd, Lassus, Praetorius, medieval songs & Christmas carols, Dec 11, 7,45pm.

Nash Ensemble, Elly Ameling, soprano, Ian Brown, piano, Eleanor Bron & Jeremy Irons, reciters, in a programme of words & music by eminent composers & writers who are buried in Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris. Dec 14, 7.15pm.

Academy of London & Choir. Richard Stamp conducts Bach's Christmas Oratorio. sung in German. Dec 17, 7.30pm.

ST SEPULCHRE WITHOUT NEWGATE

Holborn Viaduct, EC1 (Ticketmaster: 379 6433, PO Box 43, London WC2N 4NX.)

Monteverdi Choir, English Baroque Soloists. John Eliot Gardiner conducts the first of six concerts of Bach's music in different London churches, which will include the six Motets, the six Brandenburg Concertos & the six Cantatas from the Christmas Oratorio. Dec 15, 6.30pm. The other concerts are at: St James's Piccadilly, W1, Dec 17. St Clement Dane's, Strand, WC2, Dec 19. St Lawrence Jewry, Guildhall, EC2, Jan 12. St Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, EC1, Jan 14. Southwark Cathedral, SE1, Jan 16.

WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Martin Best Medieval Ensemble. Cantigas de Santa Maria del Rey Alfonso el Sabio: 13thcentury Spanish songs in honour of the Virgin Mary. Dec 10, 7.30pm.

St George's Canzona. Medieval & traditional music for Christmas. Dec 12, 7.30pm.

Wigmore Christmas Cracker. A Christmas feast of music & surprises, with English Echoes, Gothic Voices, London Oboe Band & many other soloists. Dec 13, 7pm.

Gothic Voices. Christopher Page directs 13th-century music from France & England. Dec 18, 7.30pm.

Songmaker's Almanac. New Year's Eve concert celebrating every aspect of January, including the birthdays of Mozart, Schubert & Poulenc. Dec 31, 7.30pm.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum. St Martin's Lane. WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

Carmen. New production by David Pountney, conducted by Mark Elder, with Sally Burgess as Carmen, John Treleaven as José. New translation by novelist Anthony Burgess. Nov 27, 29. Dec 2, 5, 10, 13, 17, 20, 23, 29.

Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci. New productions by Ian Judge. Nov 28, Dec 3, 6, 9, 12. REVIEW ON P63.

The Rape of Lucretia. Last performances of Graham Vick's telling production, with Jean Rigby as Lucretia, Russell Smythe as Tarquinius. Nov 26, Dec 4.

Die Fledermaus. Light-hearted entertainment for the Christmas season. Valerie Masterson & Catherine Wilson share the role of Rosalinda, with Alan Opie as Eisenstein. Dec 8, 11, 18, 27, 31.

The Diary of One Who Disappeared & Osud. Jánaček's semi-autobiographical song cycle, with Arthur Davies as the Man, staged by David Pountney, is linked with a revival of his gripping production of Osud (Fate) in which Philip Langridge repeats his outstanding portrayal of Zivný. Dec 19, 22, 30.



One of the General Strike photographs at the National Portrait Gallery. It appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of May 15, 1926.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc). **Jenůfa.** New production by Yuri Lyubimov, conducted by Bernard Haitink, sung in Czech with English subtitles. Ashley Putnam takes the title role, with Philip Langridge as Laca & Neil Rosenshein as Steva. Eva Randová sings

the Kostelnička. Nov 25, 28, Dec 2, 6.

Die Zauberflöte. Siegfried Jerusalem & Karita Mattila sing Tamino & Pamina for the first time with the Royal Opera, in August Everding's pantomime production. Nov 26, 29, Dec 5, 9 (gala), 12, 15.

Samson. Robert Tear sings Samson in Elijah Moshinsky's production; Carol Vaness sings the three roles of Dalila & the Philistine & Israelite Women. Dec 8, 10, 16, 18, 22.

Lucia di Lammermoor. American soprano June Anderson makes her British stage début in the title role, with Alfredo Kraus as Edgardo. Dec 23, 26, 30, SEE HIGHLIGHTS PS.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Hippodrome, Bristol (0272 299444, cc). Nov 25-Dec 6.

★★The Ring. Not to be missed. REVIEWED NOV. 1986.

Un ballo in maschera, with Josephine Barstow as Amelia & Dennis O'Neill as Gustav III.

The Magic Flute. Geoffrey Dolton & Marie Angel make their company débuts as Papageno & the Queen of the Night.

Lucia di Lammermoor. Suzanne Murphy sings Lucia, with Dennis O'Neill as Edgardo. Apollo Theatre, Oxford (0865 244544/5, cc). Dec 9-13.

Ballo, Magic Flute, Lucia.

BALLET

GALA FOR CHILDREN

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20 cc).

Charity event includes revival of Frank Staff's *Peter & the Wolf*, Margaret Barbieri's re-creation of Pavlova's *Dragonfly* solo, & a solo by Wayne Sleep. Dec 14. Gala Office, 255 Kentish Town Rd, NW5 (267 1361).

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Triple bill: Cohan's *Ceremonies*; Robbins's *Moves*; North's *Troy Game*. Dec 2-6.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Theatre Royal, Plymouth (0752 669595, cc 0752 267222)

Romeo & Juliet. Ashton's small-scale but moving account. Dec 1-6.

The Nutcracker. World première of new production by Peter Schaufuss with designs by David Walker. Dec 10-13.

Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

The Nutcracker. Dec 26-Jan 17.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Triple bill: Young Apollo, re-work of Bintley's 1984 ballet on the theme of the god's progress to immortality, set to Britten; Beauty & the Beast, new ballet by Wayne Eagling; Le Baiser de la Fée, the MacMillan/Stravinsky interpretation of Andersen's story. Dec 2, 4, 11, 17.

The Nutcracker. Peter Wright's version, danced in Julia Trevelyan Oman's sugar-crystal designs. Dec 13 (m & e), 19, 20 (m & e), 27 (m & e), 29, 31.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486, cc).

The Snow Queen. Bintley's full-length version of the Andersen story seems overstretched. Dec 1-4 REVIEW ON P62.

Quadruple bill: Solitaire, MacMillan's wistful ballet of the outsider, the perpetual looker-on, danced to Malcolm Arnold's attractive suite; The Wand of Youth, danced to Elgar, Corder's effective evocation of the end of the Edwardian era & the shadow of the First World War; Tchaikovsky pas de deux; Peter & the Wolf, first performance by SWRB of the revival of Frank Staff's 1940 production. Dec 5, 6 (m & e).

GALLERIES

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535).

The Golden Box. A 50-year celebration of television, projecting its history through a 73-screen video show. Until Jan 4, 1987. Mon-Sat, shows every 1½ hours, noon-7.30pm, Sun 3-7.30pm. £2.50, concessions £1.25.

GUILDHALL ART GALLERY

Guildhall, EC2 (606 3030).

The Aspinall Collection. Private collection of animal paintings belonging to zoo-owner, John Aspinall, on show as a fund-raiser for saving the Sumatran rhinoceros. Dec 10-19. (SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.) Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

The Boyle Family. Mark Boyle's life-sized facsimiles of various bits of the earth's surface have now become a family enterprise. Joining in are his wife & children. The fact that the technique (or gimmick) can be handed down & round in this way calls into question the claim that all this counts as art, Duchamp & his Readymades notwithstanding. Until Jan 25, 1987.

Rodin. One or two recent Rodin exhibitions have been of dubious quality. This show, which includes new material from the enormous collections of the Rodin Museum in Paris, should help to put matters right. Much of it has never been seen before, giving an intimate glimpse of the greatest 19th-century sculptor. Until Jan 25, 1987.

£3; concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm.

MARLBOROUGH FINE ART

6 Albemarle St, W1 (629 5161).

Paul Signac (1863-1935). Major exhibition of watercolours & drawings by the second-best Pointillist, Seurat's closest & most gifted disciple. Until Dec 31. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Director's Choice: Selected Acquisitions 1973-86. A tribute to the Gallery's departing director, Sir Michael Levey, which does indeed demonstrate how shrewdly he has guided the Gallery's purchasing policy. Star items include David's portrait of Jacobus Blauw (the Gallery's first David); the wonderful Rubens of Samson & Delilah; & the early Caravaggio (once the property of Alexander Korda) showing a Boy Being Bitten by a Lizard. Equally choice is a painting from Van Dyck's Genoese period, The Balbi Children. Congratulations are very much in order. Dec 17-Feb 15, 1987. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P6.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Elizabeth II. An exhibition to celebrate the Queen's 60th birthday including the fine realist portrait by Michael Leonard. Until March 22, 1987.

Evelyn Waugh In Close-Up, 1903-66. Waugh became a Catholic partly out of the conviction that only God would put up with him. This show re-creates a famously abrasive personality. Until Jan 4, 1987.

The General Strike. A documentary exhibition devoted to a traumatic episode in British 20th-century history; the effects can still be felt 60 years later. Until Feb 22, 1987.

WHICH LONDON BUILDING WOULD YOU KNOCK DOWN?

London is a bit of a mess, and might be improved by the identification and the removal of a few key obstructions (see London Notebook, page 15). If you were supremo of London, which building or structure would you wish immediately to be removed, and why? ILN readers are invited to fill in their choice for demolition on the form below, and send it to the editor as soon as possible. The results of our survey into the London building most ripe for removal will be published early next year.

| carry next year. |
|--|
| To: The Editor, ILN, 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF |
| NAME |
| ADDRESS |
| |
| |
| The London building I would most like to remove is: |
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| because |
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EVERY PENNY HELPS

Do you know what it is like to be really cold. with no way to get warm and nobody to turn to? We know. Friends of the Elderly have been helping the old and lonely for over eighty years. Every penny helps at such stark moments. These are proud old people who want to stay in their own homes despite everything.

Please be a friend and send a donation today. You can be sure it will be used efficiently to provide for the old and needy, wherever they are. Friends of the Elderly can only cope with a fraction of these sad cases. With your help we can do so much more to make old age a happy and dignified time - but we urgently need the funds.

Please send donations to:-The General Secretary. Friends of the Elderly (Dept. LN). LONDON SWIW OLZ. FRIENDS

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GALLERIES continued

Self-Portrait Photography, 1840-1985. What do photographers make of their own looks? An imaginatively conceived show from the Plymouth Arts Centre which offers a chance to find out. Until Jan 11, 1987

Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun

PATON GALLERY

2 Langley Court, WC2 (379 7854).

Dexter Dalwood: A Year in India. Another of this gallery's young hopefuls, who left St Martin's last year & is now artist in residence at Baroda University. The show records exotic India & the painter's own sense of isolation. Dec 5-Jan 24, 1987. Tues-Sat

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). New Architecture: Foster, Rogers, Stirling. The British are said to be wary of "new" architecture—hardly surprising given such bleak eyesores as the Barbican & National Theatre. This show offers fresh plans. Until Dec 21. Daily 10am-6pm. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70. FEATURED OCT, 1986.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

The Lipchitz Gift. For a long time Lipchitz, & especially the later Lipchitz, has been a profoundly unfashionable sculptor, despite the key role played by the artist in the history of the modern movement. The Lipchitz foundation has given the Tate a collection of more than 50 of the models for his sculptures, spanning every period of his work. This display may do something to revive a reputation now somewhat in eclipse. Until Feb 15,

Painting in Scotland: The Golden Age 1707-1843. The Scottish Enlightenment comes to London in this display of more than 200 paintings including work by Ramsay, Raeburn, Wilkie & Nasmyth. Until Jan 4, 1987. REVIEW ON P63.

Turner Prize. Works by those on the shortlist are on view at the Tate—Art & Language, Victor Burgin, Gilbert & George, Derek Jarman, Stephen McKenna & Bill Woodrow. The choice (with the honourable exception of McKenna) shows the juror's pre-occupation with the fading world of 70s Conceptual Art & their taste for the faddish & the lightweight.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. £2.50, concessions £1.

WHITECHAPELART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

David Smith. Last seen in depth in the memorial exhibition of 20 years ago, which concentrated on late work, David Smith returns to England with a show which contains much work from the 1940s & early 1950s. These metamorphic pieces, often with references to landscape, are smaller in scale than the Cubis & Tan-Totems which made Smith internationally famous just before his death in 1965. They also seem better & much subtler. Until Jan 4, 1987. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm.

ZAMANA GALLERY

1 Cromwell Gdns, SW7 (584 6612).

Istanbul, Gateway to Splendour. Mention Istanbul & everyone thinks of Byzantine architecture. In fact the bulk of the city's architectural heritage is Ottoman-the mosques of the 16th & 17th centuries, often clad in marvellous tiles, are among the most beautiful buildings in the world. This show chronicles the Ottoman architecture of the city in photographs & drawings. Until Jan 18, Tues-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun noon-5.30pm.

MUSEUMS

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF СИПЛОНООВ

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415/3204). Spirit of Christmas. Taking the theme of Christmas revels, this exhibition covers old English celebrations (mummers, lords of misrule, yule logs), Victorian Christmas & party games. Dec 1-Jan 18, 1987. Sat-Thurs 10am-

6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1,

2, 1987 BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Archaeology in Britain: New Views of the past. Achievements of the past 40 years are graphically explained. Lindow Man, the 2,500-year-old "body from the bog", is a major attraction. Until Feb 15, 1987. £1.50, concessions 50p.

New Thracian Treasures From Rogozen, Bulgaria. This is the largest hoard of individual silver items from antiquity ever found. Discovered in 1984, the 165 vessels have magnificent decoration. Dec 4-March 29, 1987. FEATURE ON P57.

Mon'Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1, 1987

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922).

The Best Years of Their Lives: National Service 1945-63. The first exhibition devoted to this theme which is the outcome of a large collection of memorabilia. The prize item is an ample pair of shorts once worn by John Biffen MP. Until May 3, 1987.

Das Plakat: The Poster in Germany, 1914-20. Das Plakat was a Berlin advertising & design magazine published from 1909 to 1922. During the war years German poster design was perhaps the best in Europe and some of its finest talents were put to government service. Until Jan 11, 1987.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1, 1987. Suggested contribution £1, children 50p.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224).

Madagascar: Island of Ancestors. The British Museum has put together its extensive collections from Madagascar to create a fascinating picture of this unique island. Until end 1987. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1, 1987

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (730 0717).

Postal History of Burma 1939-45: 300 letters, covers, stamps, proofs & essays including stamps issued by the occupying Japanese & postcards from prisoners of war working on the Moulmein-Bangkok railway. Until Dec 21. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1, 1987.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

Wildlife Photographer of the Year. An exhibition of prize-winning entries in this year's competition. Nov 28-Feb 1, 1987. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1, 1987.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

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Industry 1936-1986. In the glamour stakes, British design is never quite a winner. This exhibition covers 50 years of design in Britain in a number of different fields—graphic, fashion & industrial. It will be interesting to see if any strong stylistic profile emerges. Until Feb 1, 1987.

Toshiba Gallery of Japanese Art & Design: A new gallery housing artifacts from the mid 16th century to the present. Opens Dec 18.

Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1, 2, 1987. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

LECTURES

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE

Fortress House, 23 Savile Row, W1 (734 6010).

Nuclear Winter. Speakers include Professor Carl Sagan of Cornell University & Professor G. A. Golitzin, corrresponding member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Dec 2, 10am-6pm, at the Royal Institution, Albemarle St, W1. Tickets £25 from Vivienne Dominic, public affairs unit.

DILETTANTI

44 Paddenswick Rd, W6 (749 7096).

Victorian Decoration. Day course by Margaret Ballardie covering techniques of domestic decoration, papier mâché, Charles Rennie Mackintosh & Margaret Macdonald. Dec 6, starts 10.30am at the Brompton Library, 210 Old Brompton Rd, SW5. £15.

Lambeth Palace. A talk on Lambeth & its environs & the Lambeth Palace Bible—a 12th-century illuminated manuscript—followed by an afternoon visit to the Palace. Dec 10, starts 10.30am at the Brompton Library. £16.50.

FRANCO-BRITISH SOCIETY

162-168 Regent St, W1 (734 0815).

Winter Wine Tasting. Dec 11, 6.30pm at the Travellers' Club, 106 Pall Mall, SW1. £8: non-members welcome. Send cheques made payable to the Society, plus sae, to Mrs F. J. White, 8 Queen's Ride, SW13. For 1987 membership write to Marian Clarke at the above address; couple £18, single £12.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

Richard Deacon: the British sculptor on sculpture & poetry. Dec 30, 6.15pm. £3, concessions £1.50.



Catherine Lampert, organizer of the Hayward's Rodin exhibition will lecture at the South Bank Centre.



Tom Thumb's pram-sized carriage for sale at Christie's South Kensington.

INTERNATIONAL WINE & FOOD SOCIETY 108 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (373 5377).

Tutored Tasting of Malt Whisky: a chance to "nose" six special malts including a Long Morn, 23-year-old Glenlivet. Dec 1, 7pm. The Whitehouse Hotel, Albany St, NW1. Members £10, guests £12.

Spanish Wine & Food: a selection of wines with a menu by Maria José Seville, food adviser to Foods From Spain. Dec 9, 7pm, Brompton Rd. Members £10, guests £12.

NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2033).

The Joe Orton Diaries. Dramatized readings from the playwright's memoirs which he began 20 years ago this month & kept until his murder eight months later. Cottesloe, Dec 1, 2, 16, 17, 30, 31, Jan 2, 1987, 6pm. £2.

Mere Soup Songs. A tale of two couples by Alan Ayckbourn & Paul Todd. Lyttelton, Dec 5, 6, 12, 13, Jan 2, 3, 1987, 11pm. £4.

Theatre Quiz. The Royal Shakespeare Company takes on the National to tackle all sorts of questions on theatre. Lyttelton, Dec 29, 6pm. £2.

ROYAL INSTITUTION

21 Albemarle St, W1 (409 2992).

Frankenstein's Quest: Professor Lewis Wolpert on cell biology. Dec 20, 22, 27, 29, 31, Jan 2, 1987, 3.30pm. Cost of course: members £7, non-members £12, children £4. Single lectures: members £1.50, non-members £2.50, children £1. Tickets from the lectures secretary. Enclose payment & sae.

SOUTH BANK CENTRE

Royal Festival Hall, SE1 (928 3002).

Rodin: An Occasion to Discuss Sculpture by the sculptor Raymond Mason, Dec 10.

Rodin: Fixed Images & Changing Occupants by Catherine Lampert, selector & organizer of the Hayward Gallery's Rodin Exhibition. Dec 17.

Both at 5.45pm in the Purcell Room. Tickets £1, concessions 50p, available from the Hayward Gallery, South Bank bookstalls or before the lecture subject to availability.

Articulations: a series of talks & interviews. Gian Carlo Menotti, the composer, on his works & new opera *The Boy Who Grew Too Fast*, Dec 1. Tony Palmer on the composers featured in his films, in particular Britten, Wagner, Shostakovich, Dec 4. Laurens van

der Post on his new book *A Walk With a White Bushman*, Dec 8. All at 6pm in the Purcell Room. £1.50, concessions £1.

SALEROOMS

Prices quoted are saleroom estimates.

BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Smithfield Auction. Livestock paintings here are mostly studies of prize bulls, heifers, pigs, sheep & poultry. Those dating from the 18th century show animals of enormous proportions. Dec 3, 6pm.

Christmas Sale. Bits & pieces for all tastes, such as hip flasks, snuff boxes, claret jugs, scent bottles, tea caddies, mirrors, jewelry & paintings. Prices start at £30. Dec 4, 6pm.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

Impressionist & Modern Pictures.

Manet's La Rue Mosniers aux Paveurs is this saleroom's highlight of the year (SEE ILN AUCTION, P66). The picture comes from the Courtauld (private) collection; bought in 1924 by Samuel Courtauld, it is now offered for sale by one of his descendants, Dec 1, 11am.

Autographed Letters & Manuscripts. An album of nine pen & ink sketches for *Alice in Wonderland* is believed to be the work of Lewis Carroll himself (£150,000). Dec 3, 11am SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 7611).

Teddy Bears & Soft Toys. Dec 4, 10.30am. **Dolls.** This collection of 800 dolls from Vienna includes several made from papier mâché, plus 19th-century wooden dolls' houses & furniture. Dec 4, 2pm.

Cars. Twenty Daimler, Benz & Mercedes products including an 1893 Benz Victoria & a Mercedes-Benz Special Roadster. Christie's last sold a Roadster in Los Angeles in 1979: it fetched \$440,000. Dec 8, 2pm.

Tom Thumb's Carriage. Believed to be a relic from P. T. Barnum's circus tour of Europe, 1844-47, this carriage would have belonged to the American midget, General Tom Thumb, who travelled with Barnum. £1,000-£2,000. Dec 11, 2pm.

Trains Galore. On offer are 250 lots of rolling stock, models & toy trains ranging in price from £25 to £3,000. Dec 22, 2pm. On Dec 20

the auction room will come alive as Christie's start up some of the models & toys for the public. £1, children 50p: proceeds to charity.

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Impressionist Paintings, Drawings & Sculptures. Includes work by Henri Martin, Bonnard, Pissarro & Picasso. Among the sculpture is Rodin's *Tête de Saint Pierre* (£4,000-£6,000), & Henry Moore's *Three Upright Motifs*, 1977 (£40,000-£55,000). Dec 1, 2.30pm.

Old Masters. Work by Flemish, Dutch & Italian artists. Dec 9, 11am.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Old Master Prints. A rare engraving of Adam & Eve by Albrecht Dürer, 1504, is expected to fetch more than £100,000. A 14 foot frieze dating from 1603 shows *The True & Lively Portraits of the Kings of England*—William the Conqueror to James I (£30,000).

Impressionist & Modern Paintings & Sculpture. Femme Lisant is the most important Cubist work by Georges Braque ever to be sold at auction, & should fetch £2 million-£2.6 million. Also on offer are a group of bronzes by Henry Moore including Falling Warrior, 1965-67 (£200,000-£300,000). Dec 2, 7pm.

Illustrated & Private Press Books, Circus & Conjuring, Children's Books. On offer here is a previously unrecorded edition of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (£8,000-£12,000). It is one of only 23 copies of the 1865 first edition known to have survived. A set of 18 watercolour drawings by Kate Greenaway for her last book *The April Baby's Book of Tunes*, 1900, should fetch £40,000-£60,000. Dec 4, 5, 11am

Medieval Works of Art, Renaissance & Baroque Bronzes. Highlight is the 15th-century Middleham jewel, recently excavated at Middleham Castle, North Yorkshire. Dec 11, 10, 30am.

English Literature & History. Nine velvetbound books discovered recently in Hampshire are known to have come from Queen Elizabeth I's private library (£100,000). Of great interest is a letter by Queen Victoria written after the death of John Brown whom she described as her "truest, best friend" (£1,200-£1,500). Dec 18, 19, 11am:

SPORT

BASKETBALL

Prudential National Cup Final (men), Royal Albert Hall, SW7. Dec 15.

EQUESTRIANISM

Olympia International Showjumping Championships, Olympia, W14. Dec 11-15. FOOTBALL

Oxford *v* **Cambridge** inter-varsity match, Wembley Stadium. Dec 10.

HOCKEY

County Championships, Willesden Stadium, Willesden (men); Pickett's Lock, Pickett's Lock Lane, Edmonton, N9 (women). Dec 13-14.

Territorial Tournament, Sherborne, Dorset, Dec 28-31.

HORSE RACING

SGB handicap steeplechase, Ascot. Dec 13.

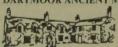
Coral Welsh National handicap steeple-chase, Chepstow. Dec 20.

King George VI steeplechase, Kempton Park. Dec 26.

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SPORT continued

Oxford v Cambridge inter-varsity match, Twickenham. Dec 9.

SOUASH

London Standard British Doubles, Cannon's Club, Cousin Lane, EC4. Dec 12-15. SWIMMING

European Cup, Malmö, Sweden, Dec 13,

TABLE TENNIS

Middx Three-Star Open Championships, Pickett's Lock, Edmonton, N9. Dec 13-14. SEE

HIGHLIGHTS P8

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.

BOOK NOW

The Beethoven Experience: a weekend of concerts, talks, recitals, readings, & meetings with the musicians. Feb 6, 7, 8, 1987, Purcell Room & Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1. Tickets £25, £30, £35 (928 3191, cc 928 8800). 1987 National Trust London Lectures, 6pm Monday evenings in the Purcell Room, South Bank Centre, SE1. The Bird Kingdom of the Farne Islands by Peter Hawkey (Jan 12); Thomas Chippendale—The Shakespeare of English Cabinet Makers by Christopher Gilbert (Jan 19); James Bateman & the Garden at Biddulph Grange by Peter Hayden (Jan 26); A View of Lake District Farmhouses & Cottages by Susan Denyer (Feb 9); A Garden of Roses by Graham Thomas (Feb 9); The Environment & the Media by John Drummond (Feb 16). £2.50 per lecture, season ticket £12, booking from Dec 2. Royal Festival Hall Box Office, SE1 8XX (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Royal Society of Arts Lecture: Popes, Princes & Peasants, the Diversity of Patronage in Vasari's Lives, by George Bull, author & translator. Jan 21, 1987. Tickets free from Carole Singleton, RSA, John Adam St, Adelphi, WC2.

Victoria & Albert Museum Courses. Study day on *The Toshiba Gallery of Japanese Art* (Feb 7, 1987): consists of four talks by members of the Museum's Far Eastern Department. £5, concessions £3. Write to Angela Thurgood, Education, Victoria & Albert Museum, London SW7 2RL, enclosing sae & cheque made payable to the Museum. Art Deco: Margaret Knight traces the development of Art Deco in Europe & America (Feb 9-12, 1987, 11am-4pm). Fashionable European Dress from the 1580s to the 1980s: Imogen Stewart bases her study on the V & A's fashion collection (March 2-5, 1987, 11am-4pm). Fee for each of these two courses £45, concessions £35. Write to Angela Thurgood, as above.

Wimbledon Tennis Championships, June 22-July 5, 1987. Send sae for ballot application form for tickets—which must be returned by Jan 31, 1987—to the All England Lawn Tennis & Croquet Club, Church Rd, Wimbledon, SW19 5AE.

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